

ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER 1933

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1933

The Future of the English Political Parties

By Douglas Ferrol

ENGLAND to-day stands where Rome stood before the reign of Augustus. It has conquered and organized large tracts of the world, but it finds itself without the spiritual vitality and moral authority to build upon the foundation it has laid. It is not without relevance to the spirit of modern English youth that Mr. Winston Churchill, in re-issuing his brilliant story of the conquest of the Sudan,* reminds a heedless generation in his preface "how much harder it is to build up and acquire than to squander and cast away."

The warning falls on deaf ears. To act effectively at home or abroad, a nation must believe in its own disinterestedness, and for such a belief there are two prerequisites: a belief in oneself and a belief in something outside oneself. In England to-day neither condition is generally fulfilled. The old inspirations—race, religion and culture—have small appeal to a deracinated urbanized public who derive their culture from a predominantly materialistic education. To such representatives of modern thought in England as Professor Laski,† "the Western way of life is in the melting pot . . . it is able to offer material comfort, but it seems unable to discover the formula of spiritual satisfaction."‡ "In the nineteenth century we could dominate India and Egypt because we believed ourselves to be the torchbearers of civilization. Now, when they challenge our mission, we have no answer."

* "The River War" (Eyre and Spottiswoode), 1933. 7s. 6d. net.

† "Democracy in Crisis" (Allen and Unwin), 1933.

‡ That it should imagine that spiritual satisfaction can be based on a formula is, perhaps, equally significant.

Not all Englishmen would agree with this definition of the prevailing temper, but it has a solid basis in fact. On the one hand, the decline in religious observance and the relaxation of moral and social standards; on the other hand, the popularity of the Pacifist thesis, the readiness with which we have surrendered rights long regarded as secure, in China, in India or in Egypt, the precipitance with which we have established a new constitutional basis for the Empire which renounces every remaining right of the British parliament over the Dominions—these things are significant of a great change of temper. It may be that all these "rights" and "standards" date from other days and are to-day anomalous. The important fact is that the criticism, even of the more "advanced" thinkers, has almost always been that we have surrendered too quickly and too much, whereas a nation still possessed of the normal tenacity and convictions of a world power would have laid itself open to the criticism of surrendering, if surrender were called for, too slowly and too little.

If one thing more than another typifies the prevailing mood, its pathetic frivolous courage, its complete irrationality, its devastating divorce from every tradition of our race except its sense of humour, it is the passing of the traditional "John Bull" of the Victorian and Edwardian caricatures, and the substitution of the "Little Man," immortalized by "Strube" in the *Daily Express*, but living in all essentials in the work of every popular cartoonist of the day. John Bull, that large, heavy-jowled, hard-living, hard-drinking yeoman, seemed to some an anachronism even before the end of the last century. But that judgment was profoundly incorrect. Foreign observers, from the late seventeenth right down to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, were struck with the solidarity and security of the English social system, which no continental nation could rival. This solidarity and security was due to the fact that the essential leader of English social life, as Christopher Dawson, our leading exponent of the philosophy of history, has recently

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pointed out, was neither the aristocrat nor the merchant, but "The Squire," who excited none of the prejudices, jealousies and fears inspired by rank, privilege and rapidly-accumulated wealth. "John Bull" was the characteristic citizen of the England of the Squires, a man who respected "The Squire" as a squire, but who could and did stand up to him as a man. Sentence of death was passed both on "John Bull" and "The Squire" by the repeal of the Corn Laws, but the social and political centre of gravity did not finally pass from the country and the country town to the large urban settlements until 1906, and the social results were not decisive until the grant of universal male suffrage in 1918 and universal adult suffrage in 1924. But to-day "John Bull" is dead, and the popular press is wiser than *Punch* in substituting for him, not a muscular independent artisan, but a poor, little, grinning Cockney clerk, fitting representative of a propertyless suburbanized army of taxpayers, caught in the wheels of a hopelessly disorganized world which he refuses either to accept or to reject.

This psychological helplessness of the contemporary Englishman is the fundamental fact in English political life and thought to-day. To understand it, it is necessary to understand the special circumstances of English social structure and political history since the Reformation, since it is these circumstances which make the failure of Liberalism not, as to the rest of the world, an incident, but something much nearer to a catastrophe.

The beginnings are to be found in the defeat of the English Crown at the Great Rebellion, and the consolidation of the victory of property over authority in the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688.

It is true that the defeat of the Crown saved England from the worst excesses of the French Revolution, but, apart altogether from the fact that the actual losses to life and property were infinitely greater in the English revolution than in the French, we absorbed, in the end, all the deceptive ideas of the French Revolution without having secured the compensating advantage that a

strong centralized monarchy had bequeathed to France: a machine and a tradition of government independent of any class, a machine which has, in fact, persisted almost unchanged from the days of Louis XVI through two Empires, two Monarchies and three Republics.

But the effects were profounder than that. The defeat of the Crown in 1648 and 1688 was far from being merely negative in its results. The assertion denied by the Parliamentarians at the time of the Rebellion was not the right of a King to dictate to free men, not even the right of a King to dictate to the old territorial nobility (both the poor, outside London, and the old nobility were substantially for the Crown), but the right of the State to rule unchallenged over rich as well as poor. The defeat of the Crown meant the suspension, not the beginning, of representative government. Between 1640 and 1832 the process of enfranchising new boroughs and disfranchising old ones for legitimate purposes was suspended, and the system which was, in the days of James I, sufficiently representative to drag the Crown into a war, and, in the days of Charles I was sufficiently popular, for the last time in English history, to be incapable of control by the rich except by a series of *coups d'état*, had, by 1832, become a farcical sham.

In the sphere of religion the results were more openly sensational. Here, even appearances were disregarded; "that which is for the public welfare," wrote Locke, "is God's will." Can we be surprised that Convocation, the governing body of the Church of England, established at the Elizabethan settlement, after its famous meeting in 1717 only met again within the lifetime of men still living.

This is ancient history; but what is important to us to-day is that, in the process of seizing the reins of absolute government over Church and State, property had been forced to destroy its own title-deeds. It destroyed all traces of administrative right and almost all the State prerogatives. Locke succeeded Hobbes as the gospel of the governing class, which had to rest its claims

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to autocracy on the transparent fiction that its powers were balanced on the one hand by the Crown, which it had twice betrayed, and on the other hand by the People, whom it had deprived of all effective representation.* Locke evolved an imposing body of doctrine to fit this fiction, but none to fit the facts, because the facts were never admitted. It is, indeed, hardly an exaggeration to say that there were no facts to fit. The idea that there was any government other than that of the rich with the power that wealth gave them disappeared from English politics with the defeat of the Crown in 1649, returned only in a very modified form in 1660, and disappeared finally in 1688. To this day the only alternative generally envisaged in England to government of the poor by the rich is government of the rich by the poor. This state of mind we owe at least as much to the facts of the revolution of 1688 as to the doctrines of the revolution in 1789.

These doctrines challenged the whole structure of society in France; in England there was no social revolution. This was mainly because the basis of government in England was largely empirical; there was no constitution to upset and no throne to destroy. In the end precisely what had happened in France happened in England, and, because of what had gone before, the results were more far-reaching. The bourgeoisie dispossessed the territorial and mercantile nobility, and the divine right of property gave way to the divine right of money, a doctrine enshrined in what are known as classical economics, and immortalized by Adam Smith for the edification of three generations of rich men. Liberalism, however, was only the solvent which enabled the bourgeoisie to climb into power, and to free money from the authority of the State. The liberal philosophy was no more tolerant of the prerogatives of manufacturers and financiers than it had been of those of the older propertied classes. The day was bound to come

* Locke's "State," says Professor Laski, "is little better than a negative institution." ("English Political Thought from Locke to Bentham.")

when someone would appeal from the popular party to the people. Freedom slowly broadening down, might, in logic, imply freedom to consume as well as to produce, and if the manufacturers could capture the machine in the name of liberty, the proletariat might do so in the name of social justice. One assertion was as good as the other. The problem loomed menacingly in a sky charged with the recollection of the American Civil War, which showed only too plainly to those who had eyes to see that party government was only possible when both parties were in fundamental agreement. And what other doctrine but *laissez faire* could preserve this essential agreement indefinitely, and how long would *laissez faire* take to die under the shadow of national rivalries contracting our export trade and pointing clearly to war? Long before 1914 it was evident to every intelligent observer that the Liberal system was breaking down. The beginnings of State Insurance and Lord Fisher's navy marked, indeed, the beginnings of the retreat from the Liberal position even by the Liberals. The War and its aftermath marked their final abandonment.

Can we not see now more clearly why, in England, the revelation of the bankruptcy of the Liberal system was particularly disturbing. Without a machinery of government or a philosophy of the State, without a privileged aristocracy, with the Monarchy reduced to a cipher, we had none of the means of executing a *coup d'état* within the forms of law, and for remodelling the State without violating traditions long sanctified by custom. So long as everything was going on all right, so long as we could just trade where we liked and vote how we liked, and grow richer and richer in the process, we could do without a government well enough, and our governing class could avoid the odium of governing while retaining the privileges of appearing to do so. But when the dream of progress was over, England found herself, as she remains to-day, at the

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mercy of speculators of whom not the least evil are those who speculate not with other people's money but with other people's minds. In such circumstances we pay not only for our political but for our intellectual laxity, for the fact that the doctrine of free money, involving, as it did, the gravest assaults on the economic freedom of the moneyless, committed property to the support of the whole armoury of intellectual as well as political liberalism. Free Trade dared to tolerate no closed ethical system. Though many of its exponents were religious men, Free Trade was, by the very nature of its being, opposed to all the implications of the Established Church, and committed to the free expression of every opinion, however hostile to the traditional authority, whether of government, of religion, or of morality. The result was that, by the end of the nineteenth century, the bourgeoisie had destroyed not only the throne and the altar, but, like the representatives of property in the seventeenth century, their own title deeds to power.

So long as the bourgeoisie, in enriching themselves, enriched their fellow-countrymen, and, in covering themselves with honours, avoided contaminating the fountain of honour, all went tolerably well. But when these conditions ceased to be fulfilled (and the War and the Peace and Mr. Lloyd George's Second Coalition destroyed them utterly), they were bound to leave a problem quite unique in Europe. There was no old order to be re-established. There was no peasantry to act as a counterpoise to the propertyless urban proletariat; there was no government at all in the sense of an organ of the State which was above both property and the propertyless, and could thus claim, if not to arbitrate, at least to hold the ring. Rural England, the essential basis of English solidarity and security for three centuries, had been destroyed, callously and deliberately. In the name of progress the landlords had gone into the City and the labourers into the slums. Indeed, in the dark

days before the election of 1922 it seemed that there was nothing left at all in England but an amorphous governing class of professional men, which had failed in its task of providing tolerable conditions of life for the people in exchange for its own immunity from the control of government.

The common assertion that the English have a genius for government is entirely erroneous. But they have a genius for doing without a government, and that genius expressed itself characteristically in the contemptuous gesture which dismissed Mr. Lloyd George and put Mr. Baldwin in his place. It was thus on the strength of the mere honesty and decency of a number of their supporters that the bourgeoisie were given a second chance. They have used it to expand and to pursue the experiment of State Capitalism (or Capitalist Democracy as Professor Laski calls it), initiated by Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Act of 1911.

The present Government is in no sense an emergency coalition. It is a genuine union of all the parties who believe in State Capitalism. The widest mutual concessions have been made in the sphere of imperial policy solely with a view to ensuring the continuance of domestic policy on lines already laid down. The essential principle of State Capitalism is the continued identification of the State with property in its characteristic form (to-day, big business and the Banks), at the price of a guarantee to the propertyless of a fixed dividend in goods and services, which shall form a small proportion, a large proportion, or 100 per cent. of their total income, in inverse proportion to their skill, energy, and good fortune.

It was this system which was saved, and, as some think, stabilized, by the *coup d'état* of 1931 which led to the formation of the National Government. It is a system which commends itself to a *decreasing* majority of the English people because it preserves the identity of property with government while indulging the national

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good temper and sympathy for the under-dog. It is interesting and important to note that this system invariably demands—governing classes always do, and “big business” is no exception—a price for its assistance to agriculture or competitive industry. At all costs monopolies must be forced into being and State control accepted before financial assistance is forthcoming. The Bankers, who do not yet control the State, will yet only lend on the taxpayers’ security. They learnt their power in 1931 and they will use it.

The defects of State Capitalism as a political system are two. In the first place, it is workable under democracy only as long as there is a government representing or sympathetic to property in its modern form (a government of small business men or landlords would be as fatal to its smooth operation as a proletarian government).^{*} In the second place, State Capitalism needs for its stability an age of rising prices. A system which commits the State and the Local Authorities to a vast burden of annual expenditure fixed in terms of money, whether for loan charges on capital expenditure for services such as housing, public health and education, or for salaries and insurance and other cash benefits to the electors, is inevitably confronted with a crisis during any prolonged period of falling prices. The events which led up to the political crisis of 1931 were, no doubt, exceptional in their severity; the facts that the depression was world-wide and that the State had to face not only the burden of those social and other services inherent in State Capitalism, but also the burden of a vast war debt, must not be overlooked. It remains true, nevertheless, that there was no reason whatever to anticipate, under the monetary system deliberately reinstated all over the world after the war, anything but a fall in prices, and that even if such a fall had not been aggravated by debts, reparations, and world-wide political and military disorder

^{*} Hence the persistent refusal of modern plutocracy to reform and so revitalize the House of Lords.

and unrest, it would still have remained as a severe, and quite possibly a fatal, threat to the whole conception of State Capitalism.

It is this inherent instability in the very structure of the British post-war system which has led the banks to insist at every turn on State intervention. Subsidies, tariffs, compulsory amalgamations, semi-socialized combines and commissions operating under State guarantees—such things are not the products of any coherent new theory of economics or statecraft; they are, on the admission of such theoretic Free Traders as Mr. Runciman, such old-fashioned liberal-individualists as Mr. Baldwin, and such young Tories as Mr. Walter Elliot (regarded by many as a future leader), measures of desperate practical necessity. Without them money cannot be borrowed. But the public must not be told the truth, and so, as these measures fail, or, at best, only partially succeed, there grows up behind all the false partisan announcements, such as that "the tide is turning" on the one hand, and that "nothing is being done" on the other, a conviction on the part of many thousands of people of all parties that more and more organization and more and more planning is an urgent national necessity. This fantastic belief is a reflection of our ignorance of the real factors at work, of our profound pessimism and of our loss of faith in ourselves. Most of the people who advocate "national planning" would be incapable of running a tiny shop without going bankrupt in six months; but this does not mean that they are insincere. Their conviction of the need for "national planning" is but the reflex of their inner conviction of their own incompetence.

It is this widespread self-distrust, fostered inevitably by oppressive taxation and by a world situation making trade impossible, which is the cause of the growing discontent with the present Government. It is a discontent which is carefully fostered, though for very different ends, by three political groups: the official Socialist Opposition; the Revolutionary Socialists of the Left

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Wing of the Labour Party and the Communists; and the Authoritarian group of the Right of the Conservative Party, whose objective may be defined as the Ethical State. These three groups are all opposed to State Capitalism, but in different degrees and on different grounds. The official Socialist Opposition is the least opposed to it. Many of its members, like Mr. Arthur Henderson, have a personal rather than a political dislike of the present Government, and the complaint of most of the others is only that it works too slowly and over too narrow a field. Those who feel thus merge, through an infinity of gradations, with the Revolutionary Socialists, whose ideology is frankly egalitarian. Their most powerful advocate in the House of Commons is Mr. Maxton; in the schools Professor Laski; in the country Poverty. But the fact remains that their argument to-day is largely an appeal to prejudice, because that part of the Socialist case which rests on the need for centralization, planning, co-ordination, rationalization, etc., has been weakened in its appeal through its adoption by the National State Capitalist Coalition. It is true that Socialists of all schools talk of the evil housing conditions, of the miserable pittance given to the unemployed and of the theoretic iniquity of production for profit. There is also much platform talk of the idleness and luxury of the leisured class. These things have an appeal, but men and women listen to them with a divided heart, for what is uppermost in their mind is not the maldistribution of the profits of the wealth-producing machine but its patent failure to produce sufficient wealth. With the best will in the world you cannot distribute a loss. Moreover the railwayman, the post office worker and the school teacher, all of whom are already State servants or servants of semi-socialized organizations, are as discontented as the miner, the builders' labourer and the skilled artisan. All alike are faced with reduction of wages, insecurity of tenure, constant retrenchments. It is inevitable that their minds should be seeking the cause

of all these things, and they are not unlikely to find it in the wide extension of the policies of subsidy, enforced amalgamation and high taxation which they associate with the period of intense depression. In so far as the present Government policy fails, the reaction may well be *away from* rather than *towards* State interference.

Even the appeal to envy may prove double-edged. Not only are the rewards of business enterprise disappearing at a very rapid rate, but the financial rewards of the great trades union leaders, be they "red," "pink" or "true blue," are very considerable, and have not passed unnoticed, while the effect of the partial socialization of our economic system has been to create simultaneously a new professional class of successful bureaucrats, semi-professional co-ordinators and planners with official titles and large salaries. Moreover, the secession to the ranks of the National Government of so many trusted Socialist leaders has bred a very deep distrust among the poor of all classes of the sincerity of Socialist leaders as a whole. Ground down by the weight of taxation, the small employers and the employees outside the powerful political unions (and both are in a large majority over their fellows) are increasingly likely to make common cause against the common enemy—the small man in the big job—just as the regimental officers and men of the British army did against "the Staff" during the war.* Old-fashioned Socialists like Mr. George Lansbury, the present leader of the Opposition, and academic Socialists like Dr. Hugh Dalton of the London School of Economics, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the ablest economist in the party, and Mr. R. H. Tawney, the most earnest egalitarian, seem strangely unaware of these facts. They continue to talk of a governing class when they themselves have been the governing class twice in the last ten years; they continue to talk of the

* It was, of course, this fact, so characteristic of our political realism, which prevented any serious revolt against discipline in the British Army between 1914 and 1918.

iniquity of profits in a world gone bankrupt ; and, strangest of all, they continue to talk of the failure of private enterprise when they ought to be discussing the failure of the twenty-two years' regime of State capitalism.

For, so far, State capitalism has definitely failed. It has aggravated unemployment in its efforts to lower prices ; it has failed to spread the benefits of its deflationary policy beyond the ranks of the sheltered classes of industry, even during its best days, and the crisis of 1931 was merely the logical consequence of an inherent incompatibility between the policy of the Bank of England and the State capitalist politicians. This incompatibility was an equally unpleasant discovery for both parties. Mr. Montagu Norman had forced deflation on the Treasury in the teeth of the opposition of Mr. Reginald McKenna, the most academically distinguished of the chairmen of the joint-stock banks, and Mr. J. M. Keynes, the most politically-minded of the economists. Mr. Norman's belief, shared rather grudgingly by the Treasury officials, was that we must meet our debt to America or forfeit our financial supremacy, that this involved (and here, and here alone, events have proved him right) a return to gold at the pre-war parity, and that the inevitable accompaniments to this return to the old parity—bankruptcies, reductions of capital, and wage reductions—were a necessary evil. Least said, it was felt, soonest mended. Mr. Norman forgot two things. In the first place, universal suffrage involves a Labour Government as the necessary consequence of wage reductions ; in the second place, State capitalism, except in a world of rising prices, spells bankruptcy. The reason for this is that State capitalism has to declare a dividend in advance of earning it. What should be regarded as a distribution out of profits has to be regarded, and paid, as a prior charge on the proceeds of industry. Irrespective of the rise and fall in the national income, public faith is pledged to the payment of vast and ever-increasing sums out of income, and to an equally continuous volume

of non-productive capital expenditure. That the Bank of England, to some extent, were aware of this is probable. That the City of London on the whole, however, were unprepared for the crisis, is absolutely certain, for even to-day they seem quite unaware of its real significance. They still talk of the need for "healthy bankruptcies," "squeezing out the water," and all the necessary but painful aftermaths of deflation, and still trust to a rise in world prices which they do nothing to bring about to bring our national income into relation with our national and local obligations. This is a daydream. State capitalism demands, as Professor Laski has acutely observed, a continuously expanding distribution of benefits. The system is inherently incompatible with a prolonged period of depression, when one half of the nation is condemned to unemployment and the other to over-taxation. The incompatibility is economic as well as political. There can be no question of a "recovery," however gradual, along these lines. If an attempt is made to balance the Budget, while nothing is done to raise the internal price-level, the attempt will fail. If no attempt is made, the whole aim of the policy, the restoration of British financial supremacy on the basis of the existing valuation of sterling, will fail.

There is more logic, if no greater practicality, in the views of Liberals like Mr. H. G. Wells or Sir Herbert Samuel, who realize that a planned economy based on export trade means, for Great Britain, either the abandonment of State capitalism or a rise in labour and overhead charges all over the rest of the world. From this point the logical Liberal is led to demand a plan not only for England, for Europe, or for the Empire, but for the whole world. This dream flatters the imagination of dons who see much scope for their activities in a world where nothing could be done without the preparation of exhaustive memoranda. It also appeals to all who, by reason of their race or their psychological bias, are internationalist in sympathy, and who look forward to the day when no

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Englishman will be able to buy a cabbage without a permit from Geneva or Moscow. But to the man in the street this utterly futile and visionary talk does not appeal at all, and for this reason the Parliamentary Liberal party is condemned to permanent sterility.

State capitalism will be saved neither by Mr. Keynes with his world reflation, nor by the Liberal party with their world organization. It will be saved, if at all, by the adoption of an expansionist currency policy within the framework of a protectionist economy, based on a clear-cut policy of economic nationalism.

The ideology behind the English protectionist movement dates back to Disraeli, who, in a striking speech, prophesied the inevitable collapse of an economic system based on the export of manufactures. "You announce," he said, "your object to be the monopoly of the commerce of the universe; to make this country the workshop of the world. Believe me, I speak not as your enemy when I say that it will be an exception to the laws which have governed society if you maintain for long the success you aim at without the permanence and stability afforded by the territorial principle and agriculture." Joseph Chamberlain, the parent of modern protection in England, was similarly actuated by motives not wholly economic. Economic nationalism is, indeed, a misnomer as applied to English protectionism in its most vital form. Our most systematic advocate of protection to-day is Mr. L. S. Amery, and he, like his famous master, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, rests much of his case on the need for protecting, not industry as such, but essential social institutions and political relationships—a healthy balance, for instance, between town and country, and a more intimate relationship between Great Britain, the Dominions and the Colonies.

The intellectual appeal of such arguments to the modern mind is still fairly strong, but it is blurred by the necessity recently experienced of introducing protection for wholly different reasons, namely, to reduce an un-

favourable trade balance and to produce revenue. Behind protection as it is being applied in England to-day there is no ethical motive, there is hardly even, in the true sense of the term, a political motive. It is of a piece with the whole fabric of English State capitalism, a makeshift designed to tide us over "till something turns up." It is inevitable in these circumstances that protection, since it has become merely another governmental expedient, should have to some extent lost its intellectual and moral appeal. The omission of Mr. Amery from the present National Government was, indeed, in no sense accidental. The Government, though the first to introduce protection in this country for the best part of 100 years, is in no sense a protectionist Government, and the protectionists proper are, like the Socialist opposition, likely to suffer by having their thunder stolen, and, as they would say, misused, by the present administration. Nevertheless, it is only within the framework of an economic nationalism properly conceived and courageously conducted that State capitalism could possibly endure. To talk of the organization of the whole world is mere midsummer madness. But the organization of suitable areas to be self-supporting in all essentials is possible where there is a sufficient harmony of race, creed or culture, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's dream, now Mr. L. S. Amery's, of a self-supporting British Empire is at least a possibility. Such a self-contained economic unit could, so its champions hold, snap its fingers at the competition of low-paid Eastern and near-Eastern labour, and it could also, which is far more important, afford to adopt an expansionist currency policy which would raise sterling prices irrespective of any rise in gold prices.

For such a currency policy there is an increasing volume of support in this country. Some, like Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Amery himself, favour a bi-metallic standard. Some, like Mr. Reginald McKenna, consider the standard a matter for each country to choose for

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itself, but are emphatic in insisting that currency management must be subordinated to the needs of industry. Others, like Sir Basil Blackett, formerly Controller of Finance at the Treasury, then Financial Member of Council in India, and now a director of the Bank of England, are in favour of a managed currency so as to secure stability in the internal price-level rather than in the rate of exchange.*

The influence both of the genuine protectionists and of the currency expansionists will probably grow by reason of the straits of State capitalism. Currency expansion of one kind or another is bound to come, and protection will be applied increasingly. It is, however, very unlikely that any such self-supporting economic unit as Mr. Amery would like to see, and which would, in fact, be necessary to support such a complex and unnatural system as State capitalism, will ever come into being. The opposition in the Dominions, and particularly in Canada, is far too strong. Much will be done to strengthen existing relationships, but ultimately the Dominions will carve out their own paths and manufacture their own requirements when it suits them, and Great Britain in turn will be driven to develop her agriculture. Political plans will never master the feeling of nationality in young and virile peoples. There are other reasons which compel us equally forcibly to the conclusion that State capitalism, though it might, in a different kind of world, be saved by economic imperialism and currency reflation, is, in fact, an abortive experiment. It is contrary not only to human nature in the British Dominions, but to human nature in Great Britain. The reorganization of our national life which it would entail could not even be attempted by the present House of Commons, which is quite unfitted even to discuss monetary policy or to predetermine the lines of industrial and agriculture reorganization. Neither of these essentials of a working system of State capitalism can be

* See Sir Basil Blackett's "Planned Money."

provided except by an executive armed with dictatorial powers, and such powers will never be adequately exercised in favour of a compromise system which does not fully satisfy the idealism either of the egalitarian, the Marxian Socialist or the Conservative social reformer.

Almost certainly the future does not lie with State capitalism, because, by the facts of its origin, it has no ideology sufficiently vital to sustain it. And in and by its failure it will, again almost certainly, for the reasons given, bring down Socialism with it. This is not a logical necessity, but it is an almost certain political consequence. State capitalism will potter and potter, and meddle and muddle, and subsidize and supervise. It will intensify the prejudice against State inefficiency and State interference, which has its origin in the fundamental distrust of all individuals, and particularly of Englishmen, with their long tradition of liberty, for any government. The reaction will almost certainly take other forms; the public will continue to demand a "plan," but it will begin, and perhaps very soon, to demand a "plan" within which private enterprise can flourish with due regard to human dignity.

And here we return to where we began, for it is at this point in the argument of history that England is so fatally handicapped by her past. The reason why the Italian experiment has been so ludicrously misunderstood in England is because the English cannot understand that conception of government not *between* but *above* Capital and Labour which is fundamental to the corporate State. Since the days of Charles I we have never had a government in England; we have only had a succession of governing classes. We have never had an aristocracy, we have only had a succession of ennobled *arrivistes*. We had no *droit administratif*, we had not even a *droit de seigneur*! We have no *ancien regime*; we have not even a façade behind which we can erect the machinery of the authoritarian State. Mr. Austin Hopkinson's dream of an aristocracy of industry denying themselves

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all financial benefit from their leadership remains a dream; Mr. G. K. Chesterton's hope for a return to the mediaeval guild system remains a literary utopia.

Yet the twin hungers of the British people for justice and liberty must be appeased.

For this reason, though with small hope of any very early re-awakening of the national energies, I prophesy the ultimate cure of our troubles in an Anglo-Saxon version of the Ethical State. It will be based on the Tory tradition, which has remained far less influenced by the ideology of "big business" than either the Liberal or the Labour parties, and which has retained to this day something of the independent tradition of the squirearchy which was killed by Sir Robert Peel in the teeth of the protests of the youthful Disraeli. It will satisfy the English habit of self government by making industry autonomous instead of industrializing the national government. It will satisfy the English temper by preferring justice to equality and liberty to an enforced order. It will meet the demand for a plan by creating institutions in the place of organizations, and the belief in progress by substituting, for the increased taxation of wealth, the incremental growth of institutions rooted in social justice as the foundation of popular prosperity.

This lies doubtless in the future. To-day, it is perhaps only a dream. But it is a dream which can pin itself to one reality too often ignored by political parties, the British Monarchy, which shares with the Papacy the distinction of being the only European institution which has continued to exercise authority and to exact respect for over a thousand years. It will certainly remain, and it will rally to its support, not merely the individualist liberals—a growing body with an influence disproportionate to their numbers—but the bulk of the younger generation, excluding only the revolutionary socialists, with whom the issue will ultimately be contested.

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In an address to THE ENGLISH REVIEW Luncheon Club on March 22nd, Mr. W. S. Morrison, M.P., one of the leading representatives in Parliament of the new Conservatism, and, significantly enough, regarded nevertheless as a man destined to high office, sketched the broad principles on which the new movement would base the necessary national reconstruction. Fundamentally, he defined the problem as one of substituting a basis of status for the purely contractual, and therefore selfish, bases of contemporary urban civilization. He challenged the fashionable modern idea that the principal good to be sought is increased leisure. Instead, he urged that the true aim was a life of increased amenities, among which liberty, the ownership of property, the integrity of the family and the maximum of independence must be reckoned far more necessary to human happiness than leisure and material goods. It was, he urged, the denial of spiritual satisfaction that was fatal to the claims of rationalization and state socialism alike to provide any solution to the contemporary problem.

Such an argument derives from many sources. The philosophy of property is mediæval in its origin; it owes much of its steadily-growing popularity to-day to the early efforts of the pre-war Guild Socialists, and still more to the leaders of the revival of Catholic political thought in England, Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton among the older generation, and Mr. Christopher Dawson, *facile princeps* among the post-war writers and teachers. The preference for the organic conception of society can be traced to Edmund Burke, while Mr. Morrison himself, in his repudiation of the different contractual theories of society, invoked the authority of Dr. Johnson.

In the stress which its programme lays on the superiority of social to economic values, the new Conservatism follows, and derives great weight from, the Protectionists, though its scale of social values may be somewhat different. The challenge of both

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to Marxianism and State Capitalism alike is, however, fundamental. And for this reason it is not fantastic to trace in this formulation of principles the influence also of a superficially hostile force—liberal individualism.

The Individualist Movement, led by Sir Ernest Benn, would perhaps deny any sympathy with the conception of the authoritarian or ethical state. But his movement were pioneers, in post-war politics, in asserting many of the fundamental values of the ethical state, and in particular in challenging not merely the ability but the right of the State to tell the individual what he should eat and wherewith he should be clothed. These needs, say the Individualists, will be supplied if we follow the Christian injunction and be not too solicitous about them. They will supply themselves in a natural society which does not thwart, in the foolish attempt to "organize" an improvement, all the natural incentives to energy and prudence which are to be found in the natural social institutions, the family, private property, and the State. These ideas, which form the main inspiration of the Individualist group, have dynamic force because they correspond to profound human instincts. They have suffered politically by their association, far from necessary in logic and fatal in practice, with the extremer versions of *laissez faire* economics, which appear to deny the right of State even to re-create the conditions necessary to a free and healthy economic life.

Whether our recovery is fairly rapid and continuous, or infinitely slow and subjected to innumerable set-backs, will depend on whether an alliance between the Authoritarians, the new Conservatives and the Individualists, can be made politically effective. To-day nothing but a fearless application of State authority can rebuild the conditions in which a widely-distributed system of healthy individual enterprise can be re-established. Nor, without State action of the most forceful kind, can the proper balance between town and country be re-established, a balance which is proving

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as Disraeli long since prophesied, indispensable to social order and human dignity.

It is only an alliance between the Individualists and the Authoritarians that can provide a means, within the near future, for reconciling the two most fundamental passions of the English people, the passion for Liberty and the passion for justice—the desire for Status and the desire for Freedom. To effect this reconciliation, to provide for this realization, is the hope of more than one powerful group of English opinion to-day. These groups, outside the organized political parties, are growing in influence. If and when they consolidate their forces, their influence will certainly prevail. If not, the future lies with Revolutionary Socialism, and the dust will settle on the remains of yet another once hopeful experiment in political liberty.

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The Fuel Research Board and the Problems of Road Transport Propulsion

By Captain B. Acworth, D.S.O., R.N.

TO the ordinary citizen the Fuel Research Board means little, if anything. As it has cost him and his fellow taxpayers over £1,000,000 in the past, and continues to extract £90,000 per annum from his pocket, he may, however, care to know something of its history and activities.

The Board was created in 1917 to render the Navy independent of foreign oil, the reserves of which, during the war, fell to three weeks' supply. Its secondary object was a clean and smokeless atmosphere for London and other cities.

For some years its activities were devoted to the obtaining of oil from coal by the Low Temperature Carbonization process which, for many years, had produced, and still produces, 14 to 20 gallons of tar oil from a ton of suitable coal.

The Board made no new discoveries and originated no process of any economic value, but up to 1926 each annual report spoke of progress and anticipated a success which lulled the Admiralty into a sense of security in constructing all post-war ships as oil-burners.

Later reports, however, indicated a growing coldness towards Low Temperature Carbonization and hinted that the real road to success lay through the hydrogenation of raw coal.

At the Jubilee Meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry in 1931 a former Director of Fuel Research, Dr. Lander, suggested that the Board had outlived its usefulness and should be disbanded. Though the matter was not put to the vote, it was evident that the majority of fuel technologists present favoured the proposal,

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because in industrial circles the letters F.R.B. are interpreted as the futile research board.

In Government circles, on the other hand, the Fuel Research Board is the first and final Court of Appeal in all matters pertaining to fuel. So complete and absolute is its authority that in its Annual Report for 1926 we read :

It was accordingly decided by the Government *with the concurrence of the Fuel Research Board*

Since the classical phrase of the Apostles :

It seemed good to us and to the Holy Ghost

there can hardly have been any comparable claim to power and authority.

If the Board were merely futile there might be little harm in perpetuating it, beyond the waste of £90,000 per annum, but in fact it is an obstructive institution and its continued existence an obstacle to a vigorous and straightforward fuel policy.

Ministers use it as a shield against awkward questions about the Government's Oil policy, because it enables them to inform their honourable friends that "the matter is being investigated by the Fuel Research Board who hope to publish a report shortly." But the "research" conducted at the direction of the Board is not only second-hand but second-rate. The Board "adopts," and mutilates the ideas of independent inventors and engineers, and in due course presents them as its own, or at least as having been nourished to such an extent as to be virtually the offspring of the Board. It was thus with steaming in vertical gas retorts, hydrogenation and colloidal fuel. The only legitimate offspring of the Board are retorts of various types for low temperature carbonization of coal, all of which have proved useless and very notably the notorious plant at Richmond, now derelict, which cost the taxpayers £100,000. Indeed, it may fairly be said of this curious institution that its bureaucratic path has been strewn with derelict retorting plant rather than with good intentions. As great sums

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of public money had been squandered on these abortive retorts the Board broke the news gently in its Report for 1930 thus :

The stage now reached in the development of low-temperature carbonization appears no longer to justify the high degree of priority which has, up to date, been given at the Fuel Research Station to the development of full-size retorts for the low-temperature carbonization of coal.

The Board having been created in 1917 to discover how oil might be produced economically from coal, now says, in effect, after 17 years' work on Low Temperature Carbonization, "We have failed completely in the purpose for which we were created and therefore propose to study something else." Clearly its proper course was to resign. But it has not resigned and does not propose to do so. On the contrary, it has begun a programme of work calculated to last indefinitely, if not for the duration of the coalfields. This work without end is described as the Physical and Chemical Survey of the British Coalfields. Here again the work of the Fuel Research Board has been characterized by stupidity and that absence of commercial sense which distinguishes too many "scientific" investigations from ordinary ones.

In Scotland much time has been spent in sampling and analysing coal seams that are exhausted. In Yorkshire the coal owners objected, not unnaturally to the publication of reports giving the analysis of a coal seam *in situ* instead of the coal as delivered into wagons after undergoing cleaning processes. The truth is that the Physical and Chemical Survey is an excuse to perpetuate a war-time Department that should, in common with other Departments and Ministries which obstruct private enterprise, have been scrapped long ago.

The composition of the Board is noteworthy. There has always been on the Board, since 1923, a representative of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and in 1924 and 1926 the Director of Fuel Research was a member of the Research Committee of this same concern.

Sir John Cadman who, with periodical disappearances like a jack-in-the-box, has also been on the Board for many years, is not only chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, but also of the Iraq Petroleum Company, the shares in which are held in the proportion of $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. by American Oil interests, $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. by French, $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. by Royal Dutch, $23\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. by Anglo-Persia, and 5 per cent. by an Armenian financier—Gulbenkian.

This company is now laying pipe lines from Iraq to the Mediterranean, which, in 1935 or thereabouts, will be carrying up to 8 million tons of international oil a year to Haifa and Tripoli. In this capacity and as chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company (which is controlled by, or controls, the British Government) he is bound in honour to devote the whole of his energies to expanding and extending the market for petroleum products throughout the world.

But Sir John Cadman has held in the past, and still holds, influential political appointments. He was a member of the National Fuel and Power Commission which was appointed in 1924, and is now a member of the Economic Advisory Council—presumably representing oil interests as he has no other qualifications.

Why the Anglo-Persian and Iraq Petroleum Companies should wish to promote the objects for which the Fuel Research Board was created is not clear, since the more oil is made from coal the less will it be necessary to import from Persia and Iraq. If it be objected that this consideration accounts for Sir John Cadman's criticism of the project of Imperial Chemicals and, indeed, implies the soundness of the I.C.I. scheme, we are faced with a further conundrum. Why is the scheme fathered by foreign oil companies which include the Royal Dutch Shell Group? What considerations have led the Government to reject the advice of the chairman of its own company in favour of advice tendered by the foreign oil companies in league with Imperial Chemicals and over

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which the Government has no control? In any case, the Fuel Research Board provides the extraordinary spectacle of oil companies advising the Government, where they do not dictate to it, on its coal policy.

Recently, however, the Government has been subject to acutely conflicting advice from the repository of its fuel conscience because Sir John Cadman has publicly proclaimed that "oil from coal is prohibitive," and as the Fuel Research Board was created solely to prove that it was not prohibitive, there is a conflict of principle which demands the immediate resignation of the chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, an early reconsideration of the personnel of the Board, and the disbanding of its Research station.

To leave the shaping of our fuel policy to a subservient bureaucracy like the Fuel Research Board can lead only to economic disaster. Nowhere is this more clearly evident than in the domain of road transport which presents us with an annual account for £40,000,000 to be spent, for the most part, in foreign oilfields. Though it is true that this flood of foreign oil has stimulated the development of the internal combustion engine, and sustained our subsidized mechanical road transport, there is no excuse for continuing to submit to having our own coalfields drowned by it or for condemning our miners and their families to exist on the dole in derelict mining villages. The first aim of the Board should have been to promote in every possible way the use of coal and its derivatives. But the Board has betrayed its trust. It has fraternized and co-operated with foreign oil interests where it should have been openly antagonistic, and it has obstructed the efforts of those who have sought to divert the traffic of the roads, and of the sea, from a foreign oil to a British coal basis.

Obstruction does not appear directly in the Board's published reports, but in confidential reports for circulation in Whitehall only. Hence it has been difficult to pin the Board down to specific acts of obstruction.

Indeed, when the allegation has been made, the Board has always pointed to one or other of its published reports which, being framed in language described as "Scientific," arrive at no conclusion on any subject whatsoever and can always be quoted in support of any desired point of view, and particularly in vindication of the good intentions of the Board.

Two instances may suffice to illustrate its methods. A company manufacturing "*gas producers*" for attachment to motor lorries or tractors claimed that on this system running costs were only a small fraction of the costs with petrol and requested that an official of the Fuel Research Board might test their plant and substantiate their claims. An official accordingly witnessed the demonstration and went his way. The Board was then asked to confirm that the claims for producer gas, and for the plant, were substantiated. This it had perforce to do, but in doing so it laid an injunction upon the company that the Board's admission was not for publication. Why?

On another occasion officials of the Board tested a certain new plant for making oil by low-temperature carbonization of coal and in the draft report, submitted to the owner of the plant, there was an appendix stating that the oil obtained during the test had been tried in a Diesel engine at the Fuel Research Station and proved very unsatisfactory. When the writer of the report was confronted with evidence that the oil had been tested by independent engineers in a Diesel engine on the test bench, and in a Mercedes-Benz engine on the road, and found very satisfactory he decided to cut out the appendix. In the report finally published nothing was said about the qualities of the oil as a Diesel fuel. The appendix was suppressed, but so also was the evidence which had led to its suppression.

The plea of the Board is that nothing must appear in its reports which might be used for advertising or other commercial purpose. If it never openly condemns

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it never praises lest the praise should be quoted for business purposes. Yet it claims, and in many quarters is allowed, a supreme judicial authority on fuel questions. It professes as its first duty the protection of the public from charlatans, ignoring the fact that the logical conclusion of such a profession should have been the dismantling of the Fuel Research Station at Greenwich.

But because the Government professes implicit faith in the Fuel Research Board and only acts in matters pertaining to fuel "with the concurrence of the Board," we may assume that its fuel policy is shaped on the advice given by the Board. This advice, as reflected in recent legislation, is, in effect, that we must hand over our land and sea transport to the oil companies and ration the business remaining among the competing collieries by means of a quota system. To save the oil companies from the consequences of their folly in opening up a superfluity of oil-wells we are to limit the mining of coal not only by national but by international agreements dictated by Socialists in Geneva. We are to adopt in our coalfields a purely defensive policy, sharing out such territory as may be left untouched by the flood of foreign oil, and if there should be, as there are, natural economic barriers to this flood we are to remove them by subsidizing "commercial" aviation, by building roads out of local rates and Exchequer grants and by relieving road transport of the capital charges which the railways have to bear for the construction and maintenance of their tracks, stations, signalling, and so forth.

In the Annual Report of His Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives for the year 1932 we are reminded that an Inter-departmental Committee appointed in May 1918 on "The Employment of Gas as a Source of Power . . . especially in Motor Vehicles" reported in 1919, strongly advocating the use of compressed gas for traction purposes on account of "the National importance of ordinary town gas as a home produced and distributed fuel for power and traction purposes . . ." "*There should be all*

possible departmental and local authority encouragement and provision for the extension of gas power and gas traction facilities." It will be observed that the 1918 Committee urged Government Departments to give every encouragement to the use of gas. What has been the Fuel Research Board's reply to this injunction during the past fifteen years? In a single word—obstruction—in favour of oil.

Had the oil so favoured been oil derived from coal there might be some excuse for the Board's neglect of gas, but its own costly failures seem to have convinced it that oil can only be derived from wells. It admits the excellence of the light spirit distilled from coal by certain low temperature systems, but condemns the residual oil on the strength of experiments made on the products of its own badly designed retorts. In its published reports it diligently fosters the idea that the oil derived from coal is inferior to natural petroleum and can only compete with it in the measure that it can be made comparable in chemical composition. As this can be achieved by the process of hydrogenation we are presented with an apparently logical argument for the Board's advice to the Government that hydrogenation is the way of salvation for the coal industry.

This advice is fundamentally unsound and there is no justification whatever for the extravagant predictions that have been appearing in the Press since the Government gave its blessing to the schemes of Imperial Chemical Industries. Hydrogenation of coal, on the basis of experiments by Berthelot and Bergius, was developed commercially in Germany during the war by I.G. Farbenindustrie. In the large plant at Mannheim the production of synthetic petrol in 1928 reached the figures of 40,000 metric tons by direct hydrogenation of brown coal or lignite and 30,000 metric tons by hydrogenation of the tar obtained by low temperature carbonization of this brown coal. Since 1928 practically the whole of the synthetic petrol has been obtained by hydrogenation of *tar*, direct hydrogenation of coal having

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been continued only on an experimental basis. One report, by Levi and Padovani (*Annali de Chimica Applicata*, August 1930), reads as follows :

After prolonged industrial experiment which transformed a gigantic factory into a kind of research factory, the I.G. seems to-day definitely oriented towards the hydrogenation of liquid products, abandoning the direct hydrogenation of solid combustibles.

Professor Maihe of the Faculte des Sciences of Paris in " *La Technique Moderne* " of July 1, 1931, writes on the same subject :

L'hydrogénation directe du lignite, si séduisante au premier abord, paraît être à peu pré abandonnée pour l'instant.

The Annual Report of I.G. Farbenindustrie for 1932 states that in consequence of failure in the supply from German sources of crude oil for hydrogenation it was necessary to increase the production of petrol by hydrogenating brown coal tar. Brown coal, it may be worth recording, is one-sixth the cost of British bituminous coal.

Nevertheless, British bituminous coal, according to the advice of the Fuel Research Board, is to be restored to its kingdom by this process. There is a hint that improvements have been made by the collaboration of the Fuel Research Staff and Imperial Chemical Industries. Indeed, from the tone of the announcements in Parliament, and in the Press, the public might reasonably assume that the process had been invented in this country, but they will find that the key patents are held by an international group whose directorate, according to the " *Financial Times* " of April 7, 1931, was as follows :

F. Godber, London, Director of Shell Transport, etc., etc.

P. Hurl, Chairman of Agwi Petroleum and a Director of Standard Oil.

H. Jacobson, The Hague.

J. B. A. Kessler, London—on the Board of 45 British and foreign oil companies, etc. Director of Royal Dutch Shell Group, Venezuelan Oil, Canadian Eagle Oil.

Dr. August von Knieriem, Mannheim.

Dr. J. E. P. de Kok, The Hague, Director of Royal Dutch

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Anglo-Saxon Petroleum, Canadian Eagle Oil, Mexican Eagle Oil, etc.

J. A. Mowinckel, Paris, Director of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Lt.-Col. G. P. Pollitt, D.S.O., Director of I.C.I., etc., and Finance Co., of G.B. and U.S.A.

It is true that these gentlemen are more interested in hydrogenation as a means of increasing the yield of petrol from crude petroleum and that one of them, Mr. J. B. A. Kessler, at the recent Petroleum Congress in London, condemned hydrogenation of coal as uneconomical, but apparently the Fuel Research Board is better informed and finds nothing incongruous in foreign oil magnates coming to the rescue of British coal. Or are we to assume that the Fuel Research Board is more concerned about the rescuing of the oil companies from the consequences of their surplus production of heavy oil? Hydrogenation is a better method of converting heavy oil into petrol than by cracking, and a plant built to treat coal can equally well treat oil. If the four-million-pound plant now to be constructed, and perhaps others, fail in their object, it may become necessary for the Government to step in once again and play the part of rescuer by allowing the hydrogenators to treat crude petroleum on favourable terms in respect of the duty on the petrol produced. There is thus a line of retreat, but for the moment the subject is wrapped in mystery, and critics of the scheme have been condemned by the Secretary of Mines as lacking in appreciation of the patriotic motives that have inspired Imperial Chemical Industries, in combination with Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch Shell Group, to undertake so costly an experiment.

That there are ample grounds for criticism is evident from the figures adduced during the debates on the subject. If a complete change over from imported to hydrogenated petrol were ever contemplated, either as a partial remedy for unemployment in the coal mining

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industry, or on grounds of national defence,* or for any other reason, the cost to the nation would be appalling. The present consumption of petrol in this country is about 3,500,000 tons (about 1,050 million gallons) a year. The capital cost of the plants required to produce this quantity of hydrogenated petrol would be £116,000,000, and the annual loss of revenue, if no excise duty were paid, would be £35,000,000, which is equivalent to a subsidy of £2 17s. 2d. per ton of coal consumed in the process. The present scheme, it is worth recording, involves a subsidy of £666 per annum for every miner brought into employment. To incur a capital expenditure of £116,000,000 and to lose an annual budgetary revenue of £35,000,000 for the sake of displacing 3,500,000 tons of imported petrol is surely a policy that no sane person would wish to advocate.

The first step in a sound fuel policy is to rid ourselves of that strange post-war statesmanship, the offspring, no doubt, of the unholy alliance between oil, Socialism and modern Conservatism, which will spend millions in Iraq to facilitate the building of a pipe line to bring unnecessary oil to the Mediterranean, and at the same time appoint a Commission at home to inflict fines on collieries that exceed an allotted output, and which elevates a war-time department like the Fuel Research Board to the position of supreme adviser on coal, while safeguarding the oil interests by providing them with representatives on the Board. Given freedom from entanglements of this kind, what would be the future of road transport propulsion?

There are five sources of power for road transport, all of which are derivatives of coal and all of which, as I have shown in my book, "*Back to the Coal Standard*," are more economical than foreign petrol. These five sources of power are electricity, steam,

* The hydrogenation process is concerned with the manufacture of petrol and therefore does not affect the dependence of the Navy or merchant ships on foreign oil.

compressed gas, producer gas, and tar oils. But it is a mistake to consider these as independent entities, as has been the practice of the Fuel Research Board.

Coal is a primary source of energy from which we can derive energy in solid, liquid, gaseous or electrical forms in variable proportions; but, so far as the individual plant is concerned, the proportions are more or less fixed. The town gas works produce so many cubic feet of gas per head of the population and in doing so produce benzol, which is all marketable, and a solid coke residue which in many cases is in excess of the demand. Coke ovens produce metallurgical coke to meet the requirements of the iron and steel industry, benzol as a by-product, and a large surplus of gas of low calorific value which can be, and is, mixed with ordinary town supply in the rare cases where agreements have been reached between coke oven owners and municipalities. Electricity stations, which could in many cases utilize coke-oven gas, remain aloof and depend almost entirely on raw coal, while competing fiercely with gas works, though the two may be under the same municipal ownership. Technically sound low temperature carbonizing plants, which, *if soundly directed*, should play an important part in the near future, produce gas of very high calorific value, motor spirit, fuel oil and a solid coke residue particularly suitable for use in *gas producers* and as a smokeless domestic fuel. They offer, too, the possibility of linkage with the generation of electricity, and, indeed, may in due course supplant our present disjointed methods of power production by uniting in one plant the production of gas, electricity, solid fuel and oil. It may be also that those who have pinned their faith on hydrogenation will be justified at least so far as the treatment of *tar oils* is concerned.

Until we achieve such co-operation in coal treatment the wholesale restoration of road transport to a coal basis is beset with difficulties in face of the standardized

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and brilliantly organized supply of liquid energy by the Oil Companies. At the same time it should be emphasized that in some important fields immediate action is possible, and notably in the extension of the use of gas and electricity as propellants. Co-operation, however, should be the ultimate aim of a complete National fuel policy. The actual applications to road transport of coal derivatives can safely be left to private enterprise, though the Government must act, and act drastically, and quickly where vested interests obstruct. And as the most subtle obstruction lurks in the Commissions and Boards of highly paid supermen to which the Government now delegates its powers to administer socialist Electricity Acts and Coal Mines Acts, the aim should be co-operation by private enterprise without Commissions.

On the fundamental principle that coal should be used rationally, without conflict or overlapping between the various systems of extracting its energy value, we should be able in a very short term of years to make our road transport independent of foreign fuel. The variety of propellants derived from coal is sufficient to meet every kind of traffic from the densely populated urban district to the remote Highlands of Scotland. Electric cars and trolley buses taking their power from electricity stations, and storage battery vehicles for delivery work within certain defined limits, offer an outlet for electricity in which there is room for great expansion. For the longer journeys of heavy commercial vehicles, steam and producer gas have been proved to be far more economical than petrol, while the newer system of carrying compressed gas in cylinders promises to complete the elimination of the petrol lorry and the petrol bus.

As I have shown elsewhere the high calorific gas made available by the low temperature carbonization process can, if compressed, double the range of a motor vehicle without increasing the cubic capacity or weight

of the containers. Such gas, therefore, should be regarded as a chief product of the low temperature carbonization process.

If 'buses and lorries should still demand a liquid fuel we may augment benzol supplies by motor spirit from the low temperature process, or substitute motors adapted to use the creosote oils obtained as a by-product in gas works, or the fuel oil of low temperature carbonization. Belfast and Glasgow have already shown the possibilities of operating buses on oil produced in the municipal gas works.

The last stronghold of petrol will then be the light private motor car. This can stand a higher priced fuel like petrol, and if we convert the heavy 'bus and lorry to the home-produced fuel the continued use of petrol for light motor cars is not of much consequence. A heavy vehicle, such as a bus, operating in an urban district, can rarely do more than three miles to the gallon of petrol and is therefore in an entirely different category from that of the light motor car with its 16 to 30 miles per gallon. The petrol-using 'bus cannot compete in cost with the electric car. To take one example only, in Manchester the working cost per seat mile of an omnibus is 0.46*d.* or more than double that of an electric car which is 0.21*d.*

From coal we can derive economically all the power necessary for road transport. If anyone should doubt it, let such an one ask himself what would happen if it were demonstrated beyond all question that the oilfields of the world would be drained in five years' time. Would it mean the sacrifice or curtailment of any means of transport we now enjoy? The answer is, emphatically, "No." Our present dependence on costly foreign oil is a danger in Peace and an acute menace in War. It would be well for this country to assume, without waiting for geological evidence, that the oilfields of the world will run dry in a few years' time, and plan accordingly.

The Worm

By Humbert Wolfe

GOD, when he made the slow-worm, planned
at the same time John Samarcand.

His face suggested noxious vapour
absorbed by porous blotting-paper,
his mouth, I do not mind admitting,
looked like an accident in knitting,
not least when the peculiar twitch
he called his smile had dropped a stitch.

His figure in a morning-coat
was something D. H. Lawrence wrote
to illustrate a cross between
a bourgeois and bad margarine,
while his prehensile hands were most
remarkably like buttered toast.

With these advantages he went
naturally into Parliament
after a score or so of pretty
foul operations in the City.
His politics at various stages
involved a drop in workmen's wages
supported by a large increase
in absentee directors' fees.

Where tariffs helped him a Crusader,
where they were noxious a Free Trader
his simple maxim was: "Be rash
only with other people's cash."

He voted only by conviction,
but this involved no sort of friction,
for he was clearly born to be
convinced by a majority.

And since in politics it's virtue
Only to hurt what cannot hurt you,
and similarly to denounce ill,
they made him join the Privy Council.

And when he died upon his stone
they carved "His God reclaims his own."

Which merely, as I think, affirms
that John rejoins his fellow-worms.

The Oxford Groups : Act II.

Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.—Psalm 126.

By Anne Fremantle

FIVE years ago, during my first summer term, I came in touch with the "Oxford Groups" as the disciples of Frank Buchman chose to call themselves. I have just been to their "International House Party" here in Oxford, which has continued during the past three weeks, and, though I had by no means lost sight of them during the intervening years, I must confess myself amazed by the many changes which have taken place within the movement during that time. Change is, in itself, neither good nor bad; it is inevitable; no movement can stay "put" any more than any individual can bid time stand still; what is important is the direction of these changes, and their significance.

In 1928 and 1929 the "house parties" were still small, and the "Group" organization was very simple. The public gatherings were all for witness only, and were unrehearsed and often extremely unexpected in character: first one, and then another young person would jump up, relate the experience they had of Christ, announce their complete surrender to Him, and then, after expatiating at some length on the type of life they had led before conversion, would resolve to lead hereafter a "changed life" under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and in the fellowship of the Groups. The "house parties" were rarely more than one hundred strong; the chief hotel at Crowborough, Matlock, or Wallingford was commandeered, and after every "quiet time" there would be numerous stories of hypodermic syringes abandoned, of drink given up. The "quiet times" themselves were unbroken save for the noise of an army of pencils quickly recording the Holy Spirit's messages to each soul.

The "fellowship" was amazingly naïve in those days; if one commented on the charm of an evening

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frock, the wearer, with ecstatic laughter, would confess the difference Christ made when deciding whether or no to send a dress to the dry cleaners, and, should a car stick *en route* for a meeting, the driver would get out and have a "quite time," and receive God's guidance to turn on the spare tap! There was little or no "checking" of guidance; and "team work," in the highly-specialized meaning the word carries to-day, was unknown.

The new "grouper" had one object only: to change lives. Can you, do you, change (or win) other people? was a question on whose answer one's salvation depended as surely as on being oneself "changed." "A life a day" was the ideal of action, and by "sharing" their "guidance" the good "Buchmanist" evangelized first their family, then their friends and relatives, then anyone with whom they could establish contact. This "winning souls for Christ" came before any other duty; it was more important to go (under guidance) to South Africa, or Holland or Denmark or Geneva or California or Canada on a "travelling team" than to get through schools, find a job or keep it, than to support one's aged parents or provide for one's wife and family. "Guidance" always made one give up drink, smoking, dancing, contraceptives, and usually one's means of employment also, for the "teams" were the whole life of the Group, and to go on at least one journey was a spiritual necessity for every "grouper." These expeditions were training, advertisement and propaganda, and brought increasing numbers into the fellowship. Not by heads, however, but by nationalities and, indeed, by continents, did the Groups from the first count their adherents. Money was no object; all "groupers" came from either the upper or the lower middle classes, and there was a background of changed young Americans with money to burn. So they voyaged to South Africa, to various European countries (generally protestant), and now, during the last nine months they have been touring Canada; and everywhere they have met with gigantic

success and a warm welcome. General Smuts has approved them, and Mr. Bennett (who is a fundamentalist) has given them his personal support.

Each year since 1930 there has been a central "International House Party" at Oxford at the end of the summer term. This annual large-scale reunion of Group members has been in the nature of a stocktaking, a review of the past year's work and a planning of the next twelvemonths' activities.

This year, the house party has been over 5,000 strong (the inclusive charge per diem has been 10s. 6d., so it will be seen that the "groupers" are grown no poorer).

At the big meeting in the Town Hall on July 2, which was crowded with more than 2,000 people, the changed atmosphere was at once apparent. No longer were all, or even most, of the speakers young, and the large audience—as, indeed, the whole house party—contained more women than men. The whole emphasis was altered; no longer was the meeting one where new "groupers" testified to their "surrender"; most of the members, both of the audience and the house party, had been "in the Fellowship" for some months, if not years, and the conversion that "Frank" considers an essential in every human life, was dwelt upon no longer merely for the contrast, but with the corollary, "here am I, being used of God to do such and such. Go you and do likewise." The nine months in Canada were described by various members of the team: a Roman Catholic told how the Groups had taught her to respect denominations whilst increasing her own loyalty to her Church; a Presbyterian minister, an Anglo-Catholic missionary, an American Jewess, and a West Indian cricket enthusiast, repeated the same thing; whilst a Genevan journalist explained what the Groups had meant with regard to his work on the League, and a member of the League Secretariat told the same story. Both suggested what the League could be and could do, if the representatives of all the nations met with God as their common ground. During

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the three weeks' house party I heard at the big meetings in St. Mary's, in the cathedral and in the various colleges, of an "inner group" of fifty-seven convicts in St. Quentin, the biggest jail in America, of the Sheffield City Council meeting for a quiet time before attending to their agenda, of "Groups" of employers and employed in the Dutch bulb fields, in the London millinery trade, on parish councils; I heard an unemployed miner and an ex-communist leader, an English vice-admiral and two or three men who had "done time," as well as numberless presidents of mothers' unions, say not only what the Group had done for them, personally, but what they believed could be done by changed lives sharing together the guidance they had received in "quiet times."

The smaller meetings were still mainly of the "I had a dreadful inferiority complex and now I've lost it" or "I couldn't get on with my elder sister who was jealous of me" type, and even in the big meetings, "Frank" had, it must be confessed, often great difficulty in raising the tone and level of the witness (in petty-mindedness the women erred far more grievously than the men). But the will was there, and there is no doubt that it is his intention to extrovert and externalize the movement; to change the emphasis from individual release and conversion to communal effort under what he and his followers believe to be the direct control of the Holy Spirit. Whenever he could, he checked the petty and the personal, to the confessed surprise and sometimes mortification of his devotees, most of whom admitted having entered the fellowship on purely personal grounds; to rid themselves of inhibitions and complexes (such as speaking in public), to get "something to do," some interest in life, or to escape jobs, families and routines with which they were bored. These "Frank" "stretched," as he called it, unmercifully, and on the first Sunday night chid them all for their lack of spiritual growth and vision. Surrender, the living of a guided life, he asserted were elementals, to be taken for granted

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rather than emphasized; what now was required was vision; for each "grouper" to have world-vision.

And thereafter, in spite of the fact that most of the speakers still got up and explained how they used to lie abed till ten, but now rose at six and made their families' early morning tea (early rising is as much a part of Buchmanist discipline as the giving up of one's reason). The tone of the "leaders" and of Frank himself was: "What are you going to do about the Economic Conference? About Hitler? About unemployment? About the relation of employers and employed?" And the general suggestion was, that the Groups should set themselves up, all over the world, as a Christian challenge and alternative to Communism, fighting through and with the help of all the Christian Churches and organizations throughout the world.

This "world-vision," it must be confessed, does not come easily to the rank and file of the movement. And, to tell the truth, it has been rather suddenly sprung on them, and finds them totally unprepared. They had found in the Groups a deepening of their spiritual lives, and a sense of comradeship and friendliness such as is associated with the idea of "house party" which they had never met elsewhere, and this new ideal of the Groups as a *Toc H cum Church Army cum politico-economic force* is strange to them, and the necessary extroversion "comes hard."

There are also other and lesser, though very significant changes. Confessions have been watered down—they are, alas, no longer the strong stuff they were, and the most childish prude can now find nothing to offend. Only the most universal and unspectacular of failures and sins are acknowledged; all remarks are "quite naive." "Quiet times" are now everything except quiet; they are "lead" or "taken" by a group leader, and a carefully chosen succession of speakers follow each other in rapid succession, as called upon. "Guidance" is now not only "shared," but "checked," no "grouper"

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dare act on the Holy Spirit's word alone, but must consult others leading "guided" lives, and "team work" and "group guidance" are greatly stressed. Bible reading and the collective Group explanation or interpretation of the Scriptures has been introduced; all speaking is now prearranged; and there is a hierarchy of leadership and a very strict discipline; woe upon the luckless grouper who now rises and speaks unasked! The training of leaders is become, indeed, the chief object of house parties, and the finding of leaders is "Frank's" greatest problem.

To storm Canada he had a team of forty. This winter he proposes to lay siege to London (the campaign is already planned, and Frank's language is nothing if not military; he is by no means ignorant of his physical resemblance to St. Ignatius Loyola, to whose "Exercises," indeed, the group leaders are deeply indebted), and for this he requires a team of 500, which this house party was supposed to provide. But so far the harvest has been terribly disappointing; at the present rate of spiritual growth of those who have been three, four, and even five years in the Group, Frank reckons they will still be "self-conscious" at sixty! Even the fully-trained young men and women lack not only genius or vision, but in many cases even competence, and are totally unable to lift the "Group" they are leading. As the movement has hitherto concerned itself with, and appealed mainly to, the well-to-do middle classes, this is not perhaps surprising, and the recent widening of the *personnel* of the "Groups" to include young unemployed miners and members, if not yet of the aristocracy, yet of what may be termed the "gentility," may help to contribute the "leadership" so earnestly sought.

But before tackling unemployment, the Economic Conference, the slums, Herr Hitler, or the relations of employer and employed, the Groups need to set their own house in order. Before they can appeal to others to join

this fellowship, which one "is within or without by no external profession or denial of membership, but only by the quality of the life led," they must disavow certain peculiar practices and characteristics, which contradict the sound theoretical foundations to which they lay claim. Their doctrine, they aver, is purely scriptural, the "climate of their meetings is the climate of the Acts of the Apostles," and they have persuaded the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec to advise his flock to attend their meetings, and one of Hitler's own bishops to fly over for one day to the house party and bid the Groups "please come" to Germany.

But the boasting and bragging, the class consciousness and snobbishness, the self-glorification and self-advertisement, the pathetic reliance on Press publicity and faith in "sales" and in Press enthusiasm, the attempts to get political power through winning "key men," and the complete absence, either in individuals or in the movement as a whole, of humility, worship, self-abasement, self-abnegation, or that "beginning of wisdom"—the fear of the Lord—may surprise the world they seek to win.

Young men and women get up at every meeting and announce how they rise at five, clean the boots, have "quiet times," and are an inestimable comfort in the house. Others boast how they have sold sports car, favourite hunter, Ascot frock or christening mug to come to the house party, or send to poorer brethren. Others have bought 5,000 copies of the *British Weekly* or 500 copies of "For Sinners Only" and have circularized their tradespeople or their friends. One millionaire explained how bored he was—he had nothing to do but sign cheques, now he has lives to change, and by jove, he changed the Dean of Quebec last week—a man who said he'd never be "got at"! Another man had two Worcester ties (not only two ties, but two of the same tie), and "here is one on me and someone else in this house party is wearing the other. That's stewardship, that is" (prolonged cheers). One can imagine one of

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these on reception of the stigmata: "look, boys, look what *I've* got—and the *Daily Mail* has got a front page article about it and Mr. Bennett has said 'greatest miracle since St. Francis!'"

Their faith in the Press, and in advertising, would be touching if it were not revolting. They hope to win converts by showing them the Press cuttings of their Canadian tour (they had the main headlines of the Canadian papers photographed in the *British Weekly* for the first week in July), and they are pathetically pleased with the *réclame* given them by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. They hope to have "For Sinners Only" filmed, and quote the sales of this book as an example of the Holy Spirit's work! It is their *vade mecum* and is used as a work of devotion, a storehouse of joke and anecdote, a theological reference book, and, indeed, is oftener read and quoted than is the New Testament (even in Moffatt's translation). They are extremely impressed by any member of the Press, and the more "popular" the paper, the better they are pleased at notice being taken of them. They introduce each of their speakers with an account of their rank and their relation (if any) to the peerage, will point out in meetings, "look, that's a baronet's widow," "that's a professor in . . . University," "that man had all Fife under his thumb," "that's a J.P.," "that man's father is president of the Dutch House of Peers," "his father-in-law owns the *Montreal Star*," and so forth. Indeed, one "Grouper" confessed to me: "not only did the Groups bring me to Jesus Christ, but they introduced me to the Queen of Roumania as well."

Their language and their attitude have already become generally accepted and no longer offend any but the most sensitive. The Holy Spirit, after all, must be brought up to date; it is more everyone's cup of tea to sing "Jolly Jesus" or hit their neighbour on the back and say, "Isn't God grand?" than to ask on bended knees that His "continual pity may cleanse and defend His Church."

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Indeed, kneeling is never practised by the Groups; George Herbert was wrong and it obviously "spoils silk stockings," and savours of reverence. And they are deliberately without reverence, as they are without fear, for they know that daily, hourly, they live under the direct, intimate personal guidance of the Holy Spirit, and in that confidence they offer surrender to Him and a changed life lived anew under His guidance, as the panacea for the Economic Conference, for unemployment, for Herr Hitler's troubles, for the relations of employer and employed, and for the sins of the whole world.

The Miracle

By Rosalind Constable

THE island was wedge-shaped, with a high white cliff to the north, and woods sloping gradually down to the silver-sanded beach of the south.

Lazily, the Pacific lapped the shore. Lazily, and with complete indifference, it cast upon this deserted island Matthew Bone, traveller to a British firm of engineers, and the piece of driftwood to which, for eighteen hours, he had been clinging.

Stumbling and exhausted, he waded through the surf and stood, shivering with cold in the hot noon-day sun. Then, with numbed and clumsy hands, he tore off his shirt and trousers, spread them on the beach to dry, and lying down beside them was soon fast asleep.

A few hours later he awoke, and sat up cautiously. A slight stiffness, a few cuts and bruises, were the only visible proof of the disaster of the previous evening. He shuddered, not at the recollection of the monsoon itself, but at the memory of the darkness, the uncanny stillness.

He put on his clothes, now quite dry, and set off to explore the island upon which he had so providentially been cast. Almost immediately he discovered a banana grove, and he ate greedily, but not unduly, of the ripe fruit. Fearful of snakes, he slept but fitfully that night, awaking with a start whenever a night bird broke the silence with its cry. And the next morning he set to work to build a cabin wherein he could sleep secure.

But when Matthew had been several weeks on the island without seeing either snakes or wild beasts, he came to the conclusion that, but for the absence of the serpent, it closely resembled the Garden of Eden. There was fresh water to be had from an inland stream, where the branches of trees met overhead, turning the waters to liquid emerald. There were strange and gorgeous-coloured fruits hanging amidst dark-green foliage, delighting both eye and palate. There were birds to be snared,

with plumage of breath-taking beauty and wonderfully delicately-flavoured when roasted in hot ashes. (Fortunately he had retained a pair of spectacles with the aid of which he was able to light a fire.) There was fish in abundance to be pulled from the sea—with a rod made from a bamboo, a strip of his shirt, and a bent tie-pin.

Living this primitive life, in such surroundings, Matthew found himself happier than he had ever been in his life. And no wonder, he reflected, that man is miserable under civilized conditions, for all his natural instincts are suppressed; the lord of the finest manor in England could not be so proud of his heritage as he was of the log hut which he had built with his own hands. The lord of the manor shot hand-reared pheasants, half dead with exhaustion, driven towards him by men with sticks—and, as often as not, went home and dined off mutton; he would never know the pride of the hunter who sees his next meal caught, by his own cunning, in the snare.

Poor, pathetic, civilized peoples, thought Matthew, year by year making their lives more complicated, yet crying out, in their hearts, for simplicity!

Year by year they increased the speed at which their machines could travel over the earth, and over the sea, and through the air—and then what happened? They discovered the pleasures of walking—calling it hiking to make it sound a new discovery.

Poor, poor fools, thought Matthew, trailing his naked feet in the cool water of the stream, victims of their own ingenuity, held by chains of their own forging. And to think that he had once been part of it all himself, a struggling member of the toiling masses, with the ever-present fear of losing his job. Now, freed from fear, he was happy and healthy. He closed his eyes and evoked the vision of far-away civilized lands, heard in imagination the factory time signals, and saw the tired faces of workers homeward bound at night.

Around him the breeze stirred the thick leaves of the

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trees, clapping them together in a faint murmur of applause. Great butterflies lopped from flower to flower, setting the blossoms vibrating as they rose and flew away. He lay for a while in contented contemplation of his surroundings, until he felt hunger in his stomach, and rising, went forth in search of food.

Thus he lived for many months, and the only thought which ever came to mar his happiness was the lack of feminine society. If he had a woman to share this life with him, he felt he could have named the island Paradise.

One night, when Matthew was sleeping deeply and peacefully, he awoke with a violence that set his heart pounding. And in the air seemed to linger the reverberation of a voice.

"Go forth," it said, "seek the highest point of the island, and look out to sea. A boat will come to rescue you."

He clung to the words, repeating them to himself, so that soon he was bewildered, and could not know whether he had imagined they had been spoken, or whether on waking they had come into his head. But why should they have come into his head? He had no desire to be rescued; he was utterly content with this existence. For a long time he lay still, turning over in his mind this strange happening. A ship . . . civilization once more.

He got up and went out, perturbed to the depth of his being. Dawn was breaking. The white sky was flecked with pastel shades of rose and blue, like the inside of an oyster shell. Soon, serenely, amidst the cocoanut trees, the sun would rise into a clear, blue sky; only in times of storm was the sunrise wild and beautiful beyond belief, so that in witnessing it Matthew had felt his very soul touched. At those moments he had longed for pencil and paper, thinking that had he the means to write, the words he could have written would have been breathed him by God Himself.

He wandered into the forest, in search of fruit for breakfast. Listlessly he picked a purple passion fruit,

and set his teeth in it. But the delicious flavour had lost the power to surprise him, and he threw it away half eaten.

A wave of disgust swept over him. This is an animal existence, he thought. Worse even than the animals, he added, since I am alone. What joy is there in a solitary existence? What to hope for but death?

Deep in bitter thoughts, he mounted the gentle slope of the island, skirting the edge of the wood, and walking in the deep shade cast by the trees.

"Go forth," the voice had said, "and seek the highest point of the island. . . . A boat will come to rescue you."

He quickened his steps. And as he walked he thought of the civilized world in which he had once played a part. He did not see the factory chimneys belching forth black smoke, nor the stations filled with clamorous trains, nor the crowded thoroughfares of the big cities, but all that was fairest of man's achievements: the stately castles of Bavaria, the grey and dignified cathedrals of France and England, the picture galleries of Italy, and, yes, the skyline of New York, which, first seen, had more power to amaze than anything else made by man.

What if man had succeeded in suppressing all his primitive instincts? Had he not replaced them by something better? Because he did not have to build his own house, because he did not have to kill with his own hands in order to have food and clothing, he was left with enough leisure to cultivate the arts—or, if he himself was uncreative, to cultivate a sense of æsthetic appreciation. And who was to say a man was less manly because he could appreciate beauty, and had no desire to kill?

Matthew sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and buried his head in his hands. If I had been born to this, he thought, if I had known no other life, then, perhaps. . . . If I had a woman to share this life with me, he thought, then, perhaps. . . .

He looked up, glancing with unseeing eyes at the

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peaceful beauties of the island, bathed in the morning sun.

"It's all meaningless," he muttered, "all this beauty, all this peace, is utterly meaningless. It's a living death! Oh, God, let there be a ship, let there be a ship to save me!"

He began to run, sobbing and mumbling to himself, towards the top of the cliff.

Shading his eyes, he searched the horizon for a long while. He could not bear the moment when he would let his hand drop to his side, and have to acknowledge that the vast expanse of sea was as bare . . . as bare and barren as his own life.

The dream, then, had been a delusion. There was no ship. Ah, what God, in what Heaven, could play a trick of such fiendish cruelty? Long had he dwelt in contentment and peace of mind; now that contentment was for ever destroyed. The beauty, which had so deluded him, was the beauty of a deathly thing, and the realization was the stirring of the seed of decay. But the despair which followed on the abandonment of hope was too great to be borne. Terror and horror overwhelmed him; he could not go back. With a gesture towards the sky which was half defiant, half supplicating, he repeated the old cry:

"Oh, God—if there be a God, save my soul—if I have a soul!"

And he threw himself off the cliff into the sea, two hundred feet below.

But on rising to the surface, the instinct for self-preservation asserted itself, and automatically he began to swim. He was somewhat surprised to find himself still alive, and even felt a trifle foolish; it was rather an anti-climax to the grandiose exit he had thought to make from this world.

And then, under the lee of the cliff, he saw a little boat. He swam towards it and clambered in. He found a compass, a plentiful supply of fresh water, and a haybox containing food enough for several days.

"What an escape!" he muttered, "to think I might have drowned! And this little rowing-boat was here all the while, only I looked too far out to sea. I never thought that help could be so close at hand."

Suddenly it struck him: how came this boat to be here? He looked around him, but the surface of the sea was unbroken. Awe and wonder filled him. The voice he had heard must, indeed, have been the voice of God. God had sent the boat that he might be rescued. It was a miracle. He sat motionless, trying to see himself in this new light: the chosen of God.

He picked up the oars, and with long, steady strokes rowed away from the island.

Two days and two nights he rowed, convinced now of divine intervention, and never doubting that he would eventually sight land. And whilst he rowed, he pondered deeply on the future. God had seen fit to save him, and send him back to the haunts of men. In order that he should take up his work in the firm of electrical engineers? Surely not. And with his heart overflowing with gratitude Matthew decided to devote the remainder of his life to spreading the word of the Lord amongst the peoples of the earth; what greater proof was needed of His omnipotence than this simple tale of miraculous delivery? In imagination Matthew already saw the great concourse of people who would come to hear him speak; in imagination he followed them back into their homes, saw the drunkard renouncing liquor, and the wife-beater become as gentle as the lamb, saw the wicked man turn away in disgust from his vices, and the thief find the joy of an honest life.

On the morning of the third day a luxury liner coming from Hawaii, and bound for Los Angeles, sighted him, and picked him up. An excited crowd of English and Americans watched him clamber on board; here, at last, was something unforeseen, something not included on the printed itinerary of the tour.

"My friends," said Matthew solemnly, "I am here by the grace of God."

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No one disputed this statement : to be in mid-Pacific in an open rowing-boat, was not an enviable position ; it was, indeed, providential that they had sighted him and picked him up.

" I have a marvellous tale to tell you," continued Matthew, " of the mercy of the Lord towards the humblest and most unworthy of His creatures."

The ship's doctor, suspecting sunstroke and delirium, took Matthew by the arm, and led him away to examine him. The examination proved Matthew to be the healthiest man the doctor had ever had to report on.

" It was a miracle," Matthew repeated, " it was a miracle that you sighted me. But I want every one on this ship to know how I came to be in that little rowing-boat."

" They shall be told," said the doctor soothingly, " meanwhile I'd better find you some clothes. You can't walk about in only a pair of pants. And I guess you'd like a shave and a haircut."

When Matthew saw his own head in the mirror, he was amazed. Last time he had seen himself the mirror had thrown back the reflection of a clean-shaven young man, with sleek brown hair. Now he saw a man with hair grown wild and long, whose face was covered with a reddish beard. And it seemed to Matthew that this bearded man had nothing to do with the dapper young man of other days ; he was deeply impressed with his own changed appearance.

An English major, who was the life and soul of the boat, offered to give Matthew a suit of his clothes, and suggested to the doctor that Matthew should give an account of his adventures before the assembled company.

" He'd be a bigger draw than a film—something new, and all that, don't you know."

" I'll ask him," said the doctor thoughtfully, " he's pretty done up, you know. He'll want a day or two's rest."

He returned with the suit of clothes, and told Matthew

that the passengers desired to hear the story of his adventures, and in order that none should miss hearing them it had been suggested he should speak before them all. A light came into Matthew's eyes; here was his first task in the battle for the Lord.

"I will do it," he said gravely, "but now let me sleep, for I am very tired."

Totally exhausted, he slept for twenty-four hours, and when he awoke, refreshed, he was eager to start on his self-appointed task of mission work. The doctor undertook to see that it was arranged.

At six o'clock that evening bar, lounge, and card-room were deserted. With barely an exception all the passengers had assembled on the promenade deck. A few minutes later, and Matthew stood before them, fixing his audience with serious eyes, as though he would read into the secret recesses of their minds.

Without a trace of nervousness in his voice, he told them the story of the wreck, and the happy chance which had cast him upon the beautiful little island. He told them how, with his bare hands, he had drawn a living from the earth. He spoke of the terrible loneliness which had driven him to attempting suicide. He did not try to excuse himself; he had sinned, and he knew it, and he asked God's forgiveness. And when he came to the story of the miracle his voice took a different timbre, became charged with solemnity and reverence, which communicated itself to his audience, so that they were filled with amazement at what they heard. When he had finished speaking there was not one person present who remained unimpressed; the burning sincerity of this strange, bearded (he had had his hair cut, but decided to retain the beard) young man had convinced them all that what he said was true: he had been saved by a miracle. They did not clap him. One and all felt the occasion to be too serious to warrant such a display; the atmosphere was too much like that of a church. But for quite a minute after he had gone there was complete

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silence. Then reality asserted itself, chairs scraped back, and each turned to each, talking in everyday voices as they drifted back to lounge, card-room, and bar.

"My dear, he looks like a saint!"

"Well, if it was luck—what is luck, anyway? You've trumped my ace, dear, but never mind."

"There's no getting away from it—it was a miracle. Two dry Martinis, George."

Next day they got up a subscription for him, at the suggestion of the English major, and one and all gave generously. On board was the managing director of one of America's leading lecture agencies, and he came forward with the offer of a contract worth, at very least, a thousand dollars a week to tour the United States. But Matthew thought England had first claim to be saved, and politely refused the offer.

After long and earnest conversation with the ship's chaplain, Matthew decided to leave the boat when it reached Los Angeles, as it touched at New York and Cherbourg before arriving at Southampton, and to transfer himself to one going direct to England, thereby arriving whilst his story was still fresh in the notoriously fickle public memory. (For directly after his speech it had been wirelessly to a central news agency, and had been featured in all London and New York papers.)

When the boat put in at Los Angeles, Matthew was given a tremendous send-off. The English major's wife, as she said good-bye, pressed a scarab into his hand, told him to keep it always as it would bring him luck, and added that his address had impressed her more than anything she had heard since, as a girl in 1885, she had listened to a sermon on the Armenian atrocities. Matthew thanked her politely, gave her back the scarab, and said he relied entirely upon divine protection.

He descended the gangway to the accompaniment of a battery of raised cameras. He frowned slightly; he was afraid that everything was going to be too easy; the path of a prophet should not be smooth; it was right, he

felt, that a prophet should be without honour in his own country.

Having inquired the way to the nearest shopping centre, he walked briskly along, his mind on the great struggle that lay ahead of him. At least, he hoped it would be a great struggle. He wanted, not the applause, but to wear the sackcloth and ashes of the champion of an unpopular cause. He trusted that the fight would be a fierce fight, trying his strength to the utmost, proving him in the end to be a good and faithful servant.

The sight of shops brought him back to earth. He had walked along with unseeing eyes, and ears deaf to the noises around him. Now the sounds of Los Angeles were no longer dim, but terrifyingly sharp. His conscious mind took possession of him.

Seeing a tourist agency, he went in and inquired when there would be a boat sailing for England?

"Guess you're lucky," said the clerk, "a boat goes to-night at twelve. Will you sit down whilst I phone through and see if I can fix you up?"

Half an hour later Matthew walked out. Everything was settled: that night he would sail for England. He smiled contentedly at his good fortune.

"Shirts, ties, vests, a razor," Matthew murmured, consulting a neatly written list.

On the opposite side of the road was a store which looked as though it might be able to supply him with all his wants. He stepped into the road.

Someone shouted. A bell clanged loudly, and suddenly-applied brakes shrieked dismally. But it was too late. The street car hit Matthew, hurled him with sickening force to the ground, and the buffers swept him on for a few yards before the driver could bring his machine to a standstill.

Matthew died of a fractured skull in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

Their Point of View

By S. Leith-Ross

. . . It is desirable that education should be introduced among the Mohammedan women and children of the Northern Provinces. . . .

Government Instructions.

I

THE compound was full of women. The whole quarter seemed to have congregated there, pressing round an old woman who sat with her back against the wall, talking loudly, ceaselessly. "What new madness of Government was this? Was it not enough to have disturbed their quiet lives, upset laws and customs, cut great roads through their towns, told people what water they must drink and what meat they must not eat, taken countings of the dwellers in every town and the cattle and the goats on every farm? Must they now come into the compounds and fetch out the women? Must their girls be forced to go to school as if they were shameless boys? And what would the schools teach them except to be prostitutes? To read, to write, what use was that to a woman? Did not all the women present know what a great trader she herself was? Did she not sell her pots to the north and to the south, the big water-pots and the bigger dye-pots and hundreds of cooking-pots? Was she ever cheated, had she ever to ask a man for help or search out the letter-writers who sit by the mosque? And Yaluba there, did not her smallest cloth sell for twenty-five shillings in the market place and was she not able at a glance to say whether a yarn would weave well or not, and was she not able to work in and out the blue threads and the crimson? Was it a white man's school that could teach them to do better or teach them aught but laziness and effrontery and disrespect? And what was this white woman there was talk of? For sure, she had no husband nor child and yet would think she could talk to the old women of repute as if they were slaves and the daughters of slaves" She paused for breath. In the press

someone murmured: "It is well known that white women get the colour of their skin by sucking the blood of young children." Another said: "I have also heard that they boil babies in oil, this by order of the Government." A wail of anguish went up from the crowd and backs were bowed by a ripple of terror. "Has anyone seen her yet?" asked a voice. "Moreneke is with her now," said the old woman. "You all know Moreneke has a little English, and this morning she had the order to go to the white woman to be her guide and interpreter. Moreneke has travelled much. She is a brave woman." Even as she spoke, Moreneke was in their midst, still trembling from her ordeal and grandly conscious of her importance. All faces were upturned towards her. "Give us the news," commanded the old woman. But how describe anything so outside of experience? Moreneke could only speak in abrupt sentences: "She is small. She never shouts. She has blue eyes. She has many books. She gave me a good mat to sit on. She had white shoes cut in small bands, so" Moreneke intertwined her fingers. "She does not speak our language, but she knows our country well. She said some things I could not understand. She asked me many questions. Sometimes I told her the truth, sometimes I answered as I thought would please her." A pause. "I am not sure that she always believed me." There was a moment's silence, then a storm broke out of exclamations, questions, opinions, hopes and fears, until Moreneke, looking round, cried out: "Behold!" A figure had slid from a pony and stood in the archway. "Peace be upon you. May I enter?" said a voice made pleasant by shyness. There was a gasp of amazement; then, bodies bent double, a quick scuttle into huts and doorways. Only a few women remained in the courtyard, stiff and motionless in the afternoon shadow. Moreneke at last made a movement forward and the trance was broken. Superbly, courtesy rose above fear and suspicion. "On you be peace. Enter." A mat was drawn forward, but

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Moreneke, to show off her greater knowledge of the white man's habits, found a stool and threw over it her own blue head-cloth. The women sank forward on their elbows in salutation as the white woman sat down. From every door and slit and corner eyes peered and weighed and criticized and judged, but on the faces of those in the courtyard there was not a sign, not an emotion. The tension was unbearable. Those eyes she saw and which said nothing, all those eyes she did not see and which said so much—the white woman was hypnotized, impotent. "I must say something," she said to herself, "must say something . . . say something . . ." She felt herself being engulfed in an immensity of forests and great rivers, deserts, mountains, a silence immemorial, and vast black multitudes that swayed and shouted and fell again into silence. She pulled herself together and began: "My friends, you will have heard that the Government has sent me to ask whether you wish for a school for your girls. Not yet, not for some time." Was there a low sound of relief? She had guessed that time was so limitless to the native mind that a future event would seem less awesome than an immediate one. "I come now only to talk with you, so that I may learn how you live and what you need to know." A stiffening, felt rather than seen, showed a mistake had been made. "There are many things you can teach me. Already on the coast I hear that the best pots are made in this town, and by women"—that was better—"and also here you weave the special cloth which has the blue and the crimson thread in it"—Yaluba's mouth twitched—"in none of these things do you need instruction; yet I hear there is sickness among you"—glances travelled to and fro—"many small babies die"—again the stiffening—"perhaps we could talk together and find the reason." Faces hardened. "I forgot—to them it is the will of Allah," said the white woman to herself, "I have made a mistake again." "Or would you like your daughters to read and write?"

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Still heavier grew the silence. Desperately, the white woman tried first one approach, then another—serious, laughing, friendly, commanding. Only denser grew the barrier, blanker the looks, more motionless those black bodies sitting erect in their dark-blue cloths. And those other eyes continued to peer and judge, piercing like gimlets. . . . There seemed no possible contact, no common ground, no word that could awake an echo. "My husband——" she looked up, and for once met eyes that gazed swiftly into her own—"my husband loved this country very much. He died here." The eyes suddenly became human, the faces softened, the bodies bent a little forward. "My mother, too, loves Africa. She travelled much in the land of Egypt and of Tunis and of Tripoli." "Your mother lives still?" That was the first question that had been asked. "Yes, she lives." "She is very old?" "Yes, she is very old, but she walks still like a young girl and great men go in fear of her." A chuckle of amusement. "She has many children?" She has six children, of whom four are sons." There were nods and murmurs "four sons" "And they all live?" "They all live; and the four sons are big chiefs under the King of England." "But they obey her still?" "Yes, they obey her still." Delighted laughter. The white woman warmed to her subject. The circle grew around her, children crept near, the questions went on unceasingly. Her mother became a legendary figure, of incredible age, wisdom, wealth and power. Her methods of bringing up her children were approved of, her learning was admired, her charity revered. The old woman drew herself up: "When you write to your mother, tell her about us. Say that I and all the women of the compound send her our salutations. God lengthen her days." "Amin!" said the crowd. The white woman rose to go. "Until another day!" She passed out. Moreneke looked questioningly at the old woman. "She has good fashion," she said, hitched her blue cloth tighter round her breasts

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and turned to stir the dying fire. "And *I* will go to her school," said Yagba, aged six, as she beat softly with her fist upon an upturned calabash.

II

It seemed quite easy to build a school once the idea had been accepted, and an element of delightful humour crept into the situation that had been so strained. All that was necessary was to ride down to the native town, a town of tumbled walls, narrow lanes, shadows of great trees and glare of market places, and there to choose a site. The site had to be central so that the native should know that learning ranked itself as high as palace or Treasury. It had to be a little hidden away in some quiet street where Persian lilac made light swift filigrees of shadow on high golden walls, and down which women and children could go with a sense of possession and of privacy. The entrance had to be through a deep archway where the women could sit in the cool; and inside the compound the life of the city had to seem a little remote so that though the children felt at home, surrounded by familiar sounds and scents, they would also feel removed, secluded and at rest. When the site was found, an architect had to be sent for. He came quickly, dressed in a long green gown edged with yellow, carrying a yellow canary in a cage. He was told to build a school, not an ordinary school, but a school which would show the whole world what great builders were to be found in this very town and in the years to come men would say at the name of Musa: "That is the man who built the first girls' school in this land." In the great glare of light, Musa drew himself up. He turned to his assistants: "I, Musa, build a school for girls. It will surpass all other schools. The white woman has said it." The assistants thrust out their chins and nodded, the crowd murmured: "Lion!" The canary burst into song. Then they got to work. There were no rules nor tapes nor pegs nor chains, so sheeps' bones staked out the corners and straws plucked

from a neighbouring thatch gave the direction of the walls. The architect's finger-stretch gave their thickness and a pony's ear-tips showed their height. Already the next morning the site was alive with workmen. The canary and the architect were there; labourers from the north, tall, naked youths with leather loin-cloths, dug out the future floors; trails of women carried water to mix with mud for bricks; bespattered children ran in and out; idlers gave advice; an old white-bearded man looked on anxiously, calling upon Allah beneath his breath. . . . Had not the site, years ago, been occupied by an illustrious Mussulman of great learning and piety? Was the place in which he had lived his honoured life, the very spot on which he had died a saintly death, to be profaned by the infidel? Onlookers began to gather round him. This was a difficulty, the very kind it was so important to avoid. He was drawn aside and slowly, over and over again, the purpose of the school was explained to him. At first it was to be but a playroom—was it not more seemly that little girls should play together in some quiet spot rather than run wild about the streets? Later, if the parents wished it, they could be shown the letters of the alphabet and how to write them—Arabic letters, of course, for did not the girls of this town attend the Koranic schools and might they not some day wish to read the Koran for themselves? And, much, much later, a few might learn the Roman letters, too, and study history and grammar and astronomy, as did learned women of long ago. But more important to a woman even than learning was the fashion of her heart. Above all, should the girls learn obedience and respect, kindness and courtesy. It was true that their mothers could best teach them these things, but mothers were often busy and in the streets the children found strange companions, the parents themselves complaining of their indiscipline. Quiet voices, quiet movements, were they not as fitting in a black girl as in a white girl? The old man looked a little less

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distressed. It was not going to be as bad as he had feared, but it was bad enough. Daily, he took up his stand at a little distance and watched the building as it went up, courteously but steadfastly on guard over the memory of his dead friend's last abode. The labourers worked well. With beautiful rhythmic movements they flung the mud bricks to the bricklayer sitting astride the fast-mounting wall; he caught and threw them on to the wall at exactly the right spot and in the same rhythm; the movements were like two linked chords of music or the long sweep up and down of the musician's bow. The golden walls grew; palm stems were bound together to make the framework of the roof; the thatchers brought great burdens of honey-coloured grass that later turned to silver. Women pressed into the earthen floors a mosaic of broken pottery; the walls were smoothed and washed with a special mud, red-gold, that glowed like the setting of a jewel; a huge water-pot stood in one corner of the mud veranda and rolls of mats still lay furled upon the floor. The architect strutted to and fro, beside himself with his own importance. With his own hands, good Mohammedan though he was, he had drawn in bas-relief on the veranda wall a life-size picture of an ostrich "to make the children laugh." He had found cunningly-carved and twisted poles from an abandoned juju hut to support the veranda roof. Poring over a "Handbook of Spanish Churches," the only architectural book the white woman had been able to provide, he had flung a wide arch of mud over the schoolroom door copied from St. Theresa's Church at Avila. . . . Women also, curious to know what lay behind the compound wall, came in and out, surprised to see a native house so airy and so light. They wandered round with the critical interest of a white woman visiting the Ideal Home Exhibition. They approved of the wooden pegs driven into the walls on which to hang cloths which otherwise would lie upon the ground, the prey of goats and fowls. They liked the low square window-spaces

with the broad ledges on which they could sit and gossip. They, knowing nothing of cupboards or drawers, appreciated the shelves let into recesses of the walls where they could stand their cooking-pots out of the reach of roving dogs, but they viewed with amazement the trouble taken to make a hedge of sunflowers, and looked doubtfully at the low mud bench on which stood the basins in which even the tiniest were to learn to wash themselves. Then, on the last day, it was suddenly remembered there would be no water—because there was no well. Hurriedly, the water diviner was sent for. He carried no twig, but stood at the entrance to the compound, gazing into nothingness. Not a word was spoken, but at some nearly imperceptible movement of his lips, his satellites rushed forward and drove a stick into the ground. "Water lives there." He turned his back and was gone. Not long after, a white-robed figure hesitated in the gateway, stopped, sank down with a low-voiced greeting. "Moreneke, go and see who that is." Moreneke went forward. When she came back she was carrying a parcel beneath her arm. "It is the old man with the white beard. He has made a doll for the children with his own hands"—a wonderful doll, a horseman in gay-coloured gown sitting upon a horse all hung with trappings. "He says he is now glad this house has been built. He says, if it does not displease the white woman, he will pray that the blessing of Allah may be upon it. He says, are we not all servants of the same God?" At last all was ready. Dusk had fallen and the sky was a luminous green behind which shone pin points which might be stars. Wood smoke rose pungent, then died down, and the scent of Persian lilac drifted by. Within the school compound all was quiet, but beyond the gate small shrouded figures flitted to and fro, peered in a moment, and were gone again.

III

A tennis ball bounded lightly off Baraki's fat stomach. Baraki stood still, perplexed, rubbing her stomach. The

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ball bounded again. Baraki looked up, frowning. Here was a problem which must be solved. Something had hit her on her stomach—the rubbing hand paused as Baraki surveyed her little black body—and yet there was nothing to be seen, no stick, no stone. The great eyes lifted, the frown deepened, the face became still, intent, as thought awoke in the sleeping brain and asked: "Why?" "What?" Mystery was not to be lazily accepted, it was to be challenged, searched out, understood. Dauntless, she waited for a renewal of the phenomenon. The ball once more glanced and rolled away. But this time Baraki had caught sight of a strange round object as it left the white woman's hand, seen it roll across the ground and then lie still. In the second between the two visions she had felt an impact on her body. She smiled quietly, victoriously. She had understood. She looked at the ball, she looked at her stomach: cause, effect. Logic was born. (Thus was education introduced among the Mohammedan women and children of the Northern Provinces.) As it was not in Baraki to keep knowledge to herself, playmates were called and the ball bounded backwards and forwards among little shrieks of fear and flashing of quick hands and silver bracelets. Soon sounds of laughter, where many had expected groans and tears, brought the neighbours to the entrance. The white woman had not noticed the door had been left open and the children were absorbed in their game of ball. Soon the compound was invaded. Respectable matrons found skipping-ropes, elderly officials from the king's palace bent over picture puzzles, the king's secretary toyed with coloured chalks. The old woman from the potters' compound made a purple donkey out of plasticine; Moreneke did cross-stitch; mothers laid their babies down in the shade of a tamarind tree and came in to see the sights. The white woman knew all etiquette was being defied, but there was such a genuine interest that it seemed better to let the people stay and see for themselves that the Children's House

contained nothing harmful nor suspicious. And later, when a band of rowdy boys appeared in the gateway, the children themselves took action. In a flash, a tiny figure had flown across the compound and, arms outstretched, Baraki's naked body had hurled itself against the door. The boys hammered and yelled but, furious little Dianas, the other girls sped across the ground picking up stones and clods of earth as they ran and the cry arose: "This is our house. This is the girls' house. Never, never can boys come in!" The next day some sort of routine had to be established, but it was soon seen that routine would have to establish itself, for how could a stranger know at what hour such and such women went to the market and could leave their children at the school as they passed, or at what hour such and such a child would have finished helping her mother at her housework and would be free to come? So it became the habit for the tiny children to arrive first, and the older ones would drop in later. Sometimes they would not come at all, having to go to a friend's house or being sent on errands by their mothers, so that any continuity of instruction or any sort of classes were impossible. But did that matter? The important thing was to gain their confidence, to discover what the real child was like behind both the mask she unconsciously slipped on in the presence of the stranger and the picture the stranger had unconsciously drawn in her own mind of what the child ought to be like. And there was time ahead. At least a generation might pass before the women of this particular race need become citizens of a Europeanized world. It would be enough just to handle these particular children, to "gentle" them as one would young colts, to awaken thought and feeling, to learn from them much more than they might ever learn from us. They were docile and affectionate, more curious than interested, yet with strange powers of almost limitless concentration. They had the cleverness of town-bred children, were alarmingly imitative, quite undisciplined, yet capable of the highest forms of good breeding and of

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modesty. They discovered early the delights of soap and water, the freshness of washed hands, the pride of well-cleaned nails; pencil and paper were a never-ending ecstasy; and the turning over of the pages of a book they could not read was like a religious rite. Yet none, except perhaps Yagba, had any ambition, any desire to learn. Possibly the idea of "learning" was so outside their comprehension that they could not aspire to something of which they did not even have a conception. Yagba—Yagba the Big, not Yagba the Little, who could only suck her thumb and roll lustrous eyes—was different. As soon as she came into the class-room, the swing of her shoulders, the tautness of her thin body, especially the thrown-back head and bright fearless eyes, showed she belonged to another race. She was from a poor home, her cloth all faded and worn, but at once her leadership was acknowledged and she was dubbed "teacher" with laughing respect. She would stand in front of the white woman, a frank smile upon her face, her eyes unwavering, her head always a little thrown back, and the white woman would know she was talking to an equal, and that it mattered incalculably that they should be worthy of each other. The other little podgies were there to be loved and played with and trained in pleasant ways, much as young animals would be trained, but children of Yagba's type were both the inheritors of an old civilization and the forerunners of—of what, indeed? That was the question the white woman asked herself all day long. And how help without harming, how give without taking away? Even the simplest questions were unanswerable. Seeing their dirty little noses, she decided they must have handkerchiefs at once, but having no pockets, indeed, often no clothing, where would the handkerchiefs be kept? They would lie about in the dust or be taken by other children. How would squares of paper do? But paper had so immense a value in native eyes that it seemed a sacrilege to put it to such a purpose. Wads of wild cotton would be much better.

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They would cost nothing and could be thrown away at once. This worked beautifully until one day the children dived into the pot where the used wads were put and found what excellent india-rubbers they would make. The children's original method, the ancient, world-wide gesture, was the most hygienic after all. And it was the same with everything: insist upon more air and the children got colds, try to change their food and they got the colic, teach them anything and nearly always it was put to the wrong use. The social structure could expand and alter along its own lines and in its own time. All alterations from without, all expansion at a different speed, were harmful. Only in the matter of kindness, understanding, pity, some little niceties of order, cleanliness, some increase of thought, awareness, was it safe to appeal to heart or mind.

Down in the potters' compound, Moreneke asked: "What do you think of the white woman now?" The women sat round, detached, almost indifferent. One spoke: "We like her. She makes no trouble. She does no harm. She speaks softly to the children. We do not understand why she came. Soon she will go. That is the fashion of the white man; he sows much seed and does not wait to see the harvest; or perchance another comes and sows a different seed and the harvest is only fit for the birds to eat." She rose up, lifted the long wooden pestle above the wooden mortar. All the women followed suit.

Man's Family Tree

By E. N. Fallaize

SOME forty years ago it was possible for the anthropologist to draw up a pedigree of man which showed an orderly evolution of humanity from some hypothetical ape-like ancestor, through the gibbon and the great apes, to modern man. An unfortunate gap between the highest of the apes and Neanderthal man, the most primitive human type then known, was bridged by the postulate of a "missing link". It was thought at first sight that this link had been supplied in *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the ape-man of Java, of which skull-cap, thigh-bone, and teeth were found at Trinil by Dr. E. Dubois in the years 1891-3.*

For some considerable time the question whether pithecanthropus was man or ape was in dispute; but long before that controversy had been settled in favour of his inclusion in the human scale, doubt had undermined belief in this simple and orderly scheme of ascent. The great apes, instead of a progressive advance towards humanity according to their kind, were shown each to exhibit varying characters, by which in that particular the genus approached more nearly to man, the chimpanzee, rather than the gorilla or the orang, being the closest in the long run.

With each of the numerous discoveries of early types of man in the present century, and particularly since the close of the war, man's family tree has grown in complexity. The famous and once solitary Neanderthal man, the essential figure in the formerly accepted simple line of descent, is now almost overwhelmed by the bewildering variety of his brethren—the men of Piltdown, Rhodesia, Oldoway, Boskop, Palestine, Peking, and many more.

Question might well be asked of the anthropological

* This discovery was the direct outcome of a remarkable exercise of scientific imagination. Dr. Dubois had gone to Java as a result of his conviction that the missing link would be found in this part of the world.

expert whether the constant discrimination of newly-discovered specimens as distinct types of man is not a counsel of despair in default of evidence of any scheme of filiation whatsoever. The conviction carried by the reply must depend upon the extent to which we are prepared to accept the verdict of morphological argument that the differentiating characters are racial and not due to individual variation, even though it be based upon the evidence of one, two, or at most a few examples, and is without the support of statistical analysis, for which, indeed, there is no adequate material.

In recent years the crucial discovery of skeletal remains of early man has been that of Peking man, *Sinanthropus pekinensis*, by far the most important piece of evidence bearing on the descent of man that has been brought to light since the finding of pithecanthropus. Peking man is the keystone of an arch, of which the other elements are pithecanthropus and Piltdown man, resolving apparent anomalies in the characters of both of them, by which doubt has been cast on the evidential value of their skeletal remains and on their classification as early types of man.

It has to be borne in mind that, more often than not, the skeletal remains of early man which have been discovered are parts only of the complete skeleton, are themselves fragmentary—of Piltdown man, for example, only about half the skull is present—and that the fragments have not always been found at the same time nor in direct association. Thus the remains of pithecanthropus and of Piltdown man were found at different times in a search which lasted over several years. Reconstruction of the fragments and question as to the congruity of the fragments when assembled leave open a field for considerable differences of opinion among experts. Hence the difficulties which have been felt at times among anthropologists in accepting the place assigned to these early types in the human family tree.

In both pithecanthropus and Piltdown man the

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association of parts which are markedly simian in character with others which are typically human was an incongruity which led in the case of the former to the denial of the human character of part of the remains and in the latter to disbelief that the cranium and the jaw had belonged to the same individual. In *pithecanthropus* the skull-cap was markedly simian. It was low, it had a remarkably retreating forehead, with extremely heavy projecting eyebrow ridge, and its cranial capacity was very small—only 900 cubic centimetres, as against something over 1,200 c.c. for the lowest human. This ape-like skull, it was claimed, was to be associated with a thigh-bone which was distinctively human and pointed to an upright stature, which it would not at that date have been justifiable to assume, had the skull alone been known.

In the same way, when the fragments of the skull and the jaw of Piltdown man were discovered in Sussex in 1911 and succeeding years, the characters of the skull in which it bore resemblance to modern man and the absence of the heavy eyebrow ridges characteristic of the primitive types then known, namely, *pithecanthropus* and Neanderthal man, did not seem to fit in with the chimpanzee-like jaw and teeth. Modification of early reconstruction and further study, which have emphasized simian affinities, have now brought cranium and jaw into closer harmony.

It is, however, the Peking skeletal remains which have finally resolved these difficulties and placed this group of three types in true perspective. We must pass over the intriguing history of the momentous discovery of Peking man, from the first inference of the existence of some man-like creature of high antiquity, possibly belonging to the tertiary geological epoch, which, as long ago as 1902, was based upon a single fossil tooth bought in the shop of a Chinese chemist in Peking—the Chinese grind up fossil teeth for use as medicine—down to the discovery of two skulls, one in 1929 and one in 1930, in the deposits in the limestone cave of Choukoutien,

a few miles outside Peking. Even before this discovery, on the evidence of fossil teeth, Dr. Davidson Black had inferred the existence of a new genus, which he named *Sinanthropus Pekinensis*, and Professor Elliot Smith and Sir Arthur Keith had pointed out in parts of fossilized jaws the existence side by side of characters pointing on the one side in the direction of the chimpanzee and on the other towards modern man.

By the later discovery of the two skulls of Peking man these conclusions were confirmed and extended. The skull of Peking man, superficially, shows a striking resemblance to that of Piltdown man: the contours, or outlines of the skulls, are practically identical, although the Peking skull, on the verge of maturity, is much the smaller, having a cubic capacity of 900 c.c. only, as against the 1,200 c.c. of Piltdown, which thus comes just within the range of modern man. Like Piltdown man, Peking man lacks the heavy, prominent eyebrow ridge characteristic of *pithecanthropus* and well-known in Neanderthal man. In the combination of simian features with human, and in its affinities with *pithecanthropus*, Neanderthal and modern man, Peking man may best be regarded as a generalized type which, Janus-like, looks forward to more modern types of man and backward to a more generalized type still, an ancestral type of tertiary age, of which the remains are still to seek, but of which some concept may be formed from comparative study of the group consisting of *pithecanthropus*, Peking man, and Piltdown man.

In estimating the position of this group, cultural evidence will not be overlooked. The association of one of them, Peking man, with traces of fire and chipped implements, which were found in the deposits of the Choukoutien cave in conditions which preclude anything but an artificial origin, are conclusive evidence that the being by whom they were made and used had attained to a use of the hand comparable to that of our own. This conclusion receives further support from the essentially

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modern character of a left semi-lunar wrist-bone of which the discovery has been announced recently.

The circumstances in which the remains of Peking man were discovered in sealed deposits taken from one cave only preclude any doubt as to their single origin, or their geological age, such as had arisen in the case of both *pithecanthropus* and *Pitldown man*. Of both these the remains were discovered in gravels which had been subjected to the action of water and their exact geological horizon could not be determined with certainty. Both have been attributed to the *pliocene* epoch, that is, the late tertiary period; but the weight of argument seems in favour of their *pleistocene* age—early Quaternary. In the case of Peking man the character of the deposits and the animal remains associated with them, on comparison with like deposits in the Chinese series, have established the age as early pleistocene. It would be rash to venture to put this in term of years. It may be anything up to four hundred thousand or half a million years ago.

Equations of geological epochs and terms of years are notoriously the subject of controversy and uncertain at the best. It is impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the ages which separate the cultural achievement of Peking man—the crude chipped-stone implements of the cave of Choukoutien—from even the rude implements of the pre-palæolithic period of East Anglia or the more highly-finished products of the Chellean and Acheulean phases of Stone Age culture, which appear and pass away before Neanderthal man with his Mousterian culture appears on the scene, it may be, at a guess, some 70,000 years ago.

The vast periods of time demanded by geological and archæological argument for the stages of man's upward progress may seem fantastic; but as the sum of evidence grows, man's earliest beginnings in estimated terms of years are pushed further and further back. Peking man, for example, may have inhabited the Choukoutien cave for hundreds, or even thousands of years, for there

are no less than thirty metres of undisturbed deposits which contain evidence distributed from top to bottom that Peking man was an inmate of the cave during the whole period in which these deposits were being laid down. Yet in all that lapse of time Peking man, as far as present evidence shows, made no advance in the manufacture of his stone implements beyond the crudity of the stage in which man was still mastered by the nature of the stone in which he worked. A comparison of these crudely-chipped stones from China with the delicately-formed leaf-shaped daggers and spear-heads of the Solutrean peoples of the Upper Palæolithic Age in France as fine in form as if they were of metal, justifies a time-scale which speaks in terms of hundreds of thousands of years.

It may not be out of place to add here that, according to one estimate, in the succession of palæolithic cultures which followed Neanderthal man and the Mousterian phase of Old Stone Age culture, the Aurignacian culture (so-called from the type station of Aurignac in Southern France), widely known for the artistic quality of its cave paintings and drawings, is dated at about 25,000 years ago, while the Solutrean culture, which followed it, is placed variously at from 20,000 to 15,000 years ago; and the Magdalenian culture, characterized by the extent to which bone and ivory were used for implements and by its ivory and bone carvings, as well as cave paintings and drawings, is thought to have lasted from about 12,000 down to about 7,000 years ago when the Palæolithic period closed and the Mesolithic period began, leading to the New Stone Age, with its ground-stone implements. From the time of the Aurignacians onward we are dealing with cultures which were the product of a type of man in all essentials "modern," although exhibiting differences which, it is perhaps to be presumed, are racial.

In turning to Neanderthal man the anthropologist is again upon controversial ground. Although no-one has questioned the humanity of Neanderthal man, it was

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long held by some that the single skull then known, which had been found in 1856 in the valley of the Neander in Germany, was a pathological case. For this its heavy and bestial character, with receding forehead, ape-like prominent eyebrow ridges, projecting muzzle and retreating chin, was responsible. The discovery of further examples, now some fifty in number, has established the existence of a well-defined primitive type, subject to variation within recognizable limits, and when a complete or nearly complete skeleton has been found distinguished by short, curved lower limb-bones, which imposed on the race an exaggeratedly slouching and almost ape-like gait. Of this race the ancestor may be Heidelberg man, a type of which a huge and massive, but almost chinless, jaw, possibly contemporary with Piltdown, was discovered in the glacial deposits of Mauer, near Heidelberg, in 1907. Its owner, the conformation of the jaw would suggest, may not even have possessed the power of articulate speech.

The Neanderthal race is associated with the Mousterian phase of culture of the Old Stone Age. The type would appear to have spread over the greater part of Europe not rendered inaccessible by the ice of, probably, the last glaciation of the Ice Age, and to have died out with the coming of a new race—the earliest type of modern man, which introduced the Aurignacian phase of Stone Age culture into Europe.

So far, with the possible exception of a modified example of the type discovered during the past summer near Bloemfontein, Neanderthal man has not been found outside Europe. Two types of man, however, have been discovered, which present a resemblance sufficiently close at first sight as to warrant their inclusion within that group. Of these, the latest to be discovered is Palestine man, of which a skull was found at Galilee in 1925, and skeletal remains of a number of individuals in a cave on Mount Carmel in 1931 and 1932. The second is Rhodesian man of which the discovery of a skull and

thigh-bone in the Broken Hill mine was reported in 1921. In both types the Neanderthaloid characters are marked, especially in the skull and facial skeleton, in an even exaggerated degree. At the same time there are present features which link these types with modern man—notably the Australian aboriginal—and require their classification in a category apart from Neanderthal man. In the case of Rhodesian man, a line of filiation with modern man is to be traced through its affinities with the extinct types of Wadjak and Ngandong man from Java, the latter reported in the past year, and the Queensland Talgai skull, all of which appear to be ancestral to Australian man in varying degree.

Until recently it might have been asserted with some assurance that modern man, *homo sapiens*, does not appear until the close of the Mousterian period of Stone Age culture, when Neanderthal man dies out and his place is taken by Crô Magnon man, so-called from the skeletons found in the cave of Crô Magnon in Southern France. Essentially a modern type, Crô Magnon man is tall, big-brained, upright and the first example of man to possess a prominent chin. Within the last few years the claims of Crô Magnon to be the first representative of the modern races has been disputed. Mr. L. S. B. Leakey has maintained that his investigation of the deposits at Oldoway in Tanganyika in the autumn of 1931 have established the contemporaneity of the skeletal remains discovered there by Dr. Hans Reck in 1914—Oldoway man as they are called—with the deposits containing Chellean and Acheulean implements and belonging to the early or, at latest, middle pleistocene. Were this contention accepted, this would be by far the oldest known specimen of *homo sapiens*. This claim, however, has been gravely affected by evidence which points, almost unquestionably, to this skeleton being a burial in the deposits at a later, and probably quite recent, date.

A second and even more sensational claim to high antiquity was put forward in August last by Professor

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Elliot Smith on behalf of the so-called "Lady of Lloyd's," a fragmentary female skull found at a depth of 42 ft. during the excavation of the foundations of Lloyd's new building in Leadenhall Street, London, in 1925. This skull has been shown to be essentially "modern" in type; but a recent re-examination of the geological evidence indicates that it is of much earlier date than was thought, probably at latest Mousterian, adding anything from 20,000 to 50,000 years on to its age, and making it by far the oldest known example of *homo sapiens*, possibly as much as 70,000 years old.

With the advent of the modern type in Crô Magnon man, the problem changes and interest shifts to the origin and distribution of the races of man as they exist to-day. Whence came modern man, in default of fuller knowledge of early types outside the European area, remains obscure. It may be, as Mr. Miles Burkitt has recently suggested, that the evidence of upper palæolithic cultures points to a convergence of influences from both Asia and Africa; while in the varieties of Crô Magnon man certain types—the Grimaldi skeletons, for example, from the cave near Mentone—show characters which have been interpreted as pointing to African affinity. Recent discoveries of human skeletal remains at Mechta-el-Arbi in North Africa, near Gafsa (Capsa), an area to which the origin of the Aurignacian culture has been attributed, and a still earlier type from Asselar in the French Sudan, dating from the pleistocene period, when the Sudan was well watered and fertile, have offered what further consideration may indicate as a profitable line of search for the ancestral type of modern man.

Modern man has a wide geographical distribution. He has shown himself capable of adaptation to the most extreme diversities of climatic and geographical conditions. This capacity to survive, however, has not been without cost and the specialization in type, which may be seen, for example, in the races which are capable of bearing extremes of heat, cold, or aridity, such as the

Eskimo, the Negro, the Bushman or the Australian aboriginal, has been won by an adaptation of body and brain which brings lack of flexibility and lessens the power of responding to changed conditions, whether physical or social. Hence the problem of the dying races in our dependencies. The lesson of history is that advancement lies with the races which inhabit lands where the climatic conditions in the circumstances of the time least demand specialization for survival—in early historic times the warmer temperate or sub-tropical, in modern times the temperate zones.

This, which is one of the lessons, not without its practical bearing, of the study of the anthropology of modern races, applies equally to the study of the types in man's family tree. From the earliest times when there first comes within the range of our knowledge any animal bearing close relation to man, down to the appearance of modern man, there is a succession of types which appear and then vanish away. Pithecanthropus, Peking man, Piltdown man, Neanderthal man, Rhodesian man, all are types which have specialized in certain directions, and have disappeared as conditions have changed, just as the Australian aboriginal, it would seem, must die out, while modern man, the least specialized, has survived, retaining an adaptable physique and a brain which, in its growth, has not been moulded irrevocably to meet one set of conditions only.

In view of these considerations, we must envisage man's descent, not as a single line, passing through various stages of evolution, each represented by a primitive type and leading directly on from one to another, but as a plant of many branches, each branch an experiment in specialization which diverges from the main stem at various periods, as is revealed to us by the apes and in the skeletal remains of early types of man, survives for a time, and then withers away. To these branches of the human stem, too early and too highly developed specialization has brought death.

The Restoration of Property (VI)

By Hilaire Belloc

[This article concludes Mr. Belloc's series: the first five articles appeared in the January, February, May, July, and August Numbers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.]

THE restoration of property means, and has meant throughout history in nearly all places and times, primarily, the restoration of property in land. When men have become wage-slaves they think in terms of income. When they are economically free they think in terms of property. Most modern men living under industrial conditions regard economic reform as essentially a redistribution of income; property is for them an illusion; the reality behind it is income. Property for them means only an arrangement whereby a certain income is secured. Free men look at it just the other way. They think of income as the product of property, and the typical form of property, which is also the foundational form, is property in *land*. Under the eastern despotisms, as also under barbaric, nomad conditions, property in land is either denied in theory or unknown in practice, but in our western world it is, and has been throughout all our development the guarantee of citizenship and the foundation thereof.

On this account there is throughout the West (that is, throughout Christendom) an instinct for preserving or, if it has been lost, for restoring widely distributed property in land. During all the stable periods of our civilization such a wide distribution of property in land, among free men at any rate, was the rule. When it became the exception society grew troubled and that unnatural state of affairs, the presence of men politically free but economically unfree, produced dangerous strains resulting sometimes in a violent transformation of society.

That is what happened in the heart of the Roman Empire towards the end of its highest period. During the Dark Ages well-distributed property in land gradually

reappeared; during the Middle Ages it was the universal rule. Even in the early part thereof the serf might still be constrained to work for his Lord, but he was secure in the ownership of a portion of his native land not subject to competitive rent, inalienable so long as the customary dues were paid, and his land passed on from him to his descendants. In most countries this state of affairs developed after the Middle Ages into the establishment of a free peasantry, that is, of citizens possessing, in numbers sufficient to determine the character of their society, land of their own, coupled with political as well as economic freedom.

There were parts of Europe, however, in which the clock was set back, notably in Great Britain and the Protestant north-eastern Germanies. The peasantry were swallowed up by the greater landowners and became a proletariat. In this country the historical process is now familiar to most educated men, though our official history long remained silent upon it. First came the strengthening of the greater landowners by the loot of the Church in the sixteenth century, then in the seventeenth century came the eating up by the greater landowners of the smaller yeomanry, notably under the ironically entitled "Statute of Frauds," passed by Parliament, that is, by the greater landowners themselves (who were by that time masters of the country) in the reign of Charles II. To-day England is the typical example of a country in which the desire for land and the sense of ownership in it has, in the mass of the people, fallen to its lowest.

English conditions therefore afford the "zero-point" for a policy of recovery. If it be possible to restore well-distributed property in land under English conditions to-day it will be possible to restore such well-distributed property in land anywhere. Here, however, we must repeat the principle laid down at the beginning of these articles, that you will not get well-divided property in any form, whether in land or anything else, unless

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there is some desire present in the community for its acquirement. There must be some motive force present ; you cannot compel people to become economically free if they do not desire economic freedom or if they have so completely lost the instinct for it that they confuse the reception of a secure revenue with freedom. A secure revenue can be guaranteed under any form of slavery, state slavery or private slavery, it is not only not identical with, but, as an ideal, actually militates against, economic freedom.

But at this point we must introduce very important distinctions, too often left on one side. These distinctions are as follows :—

(1) A distinction between agricultural and urban land, or, to make a more exact definition, a distinction between land mainly occupied for the production of agricultural stuff and land occupied by the man who produces things by machinery or as a craftsman.

(2) A distinction between land occupied by the owner and land occupied by someone other than the owner, who pays a rent for it. And let us remember that in all this discussion the word " land " includes buildings and other immovables attached to land.

It must be a first principle in attempting the reconstruction of property in land that agricultural land shall be treated differently from urban land, and that the burden upon land occupied by the owner shall be markedly less than the burden on land used as a source of profit by letting it out to others. Both these distinctions are revolutionary as applied to the society in which we live to-day. Both are essential to the recovery of property in land.

As to the second, the distinction between land used by the owner and land not used by him, unless it is made and insisted upon and expressed in social law and custom, the effort at the reconstruction of well-distributed property in land fails. To-day a man in England inheriting from his father a house of which the rental value is,

say, £50 a year, is taxed upon it exactly as though he were getting £50 a year rent by letting it out to somebody else. This social falsehood is fundamental, and undermines the whole situation. There must be a radical difference in the burdens imposed upon land occupied, as land should be occupied, by a human family living thereon, and land occupied by others from whom the owner draws tribute. Throughout the history of our civilization the pretence that the two were the same has led to the breakdown of society, and if we desire to restore society we must restore the simple principle that a man living under his own roof and on his own land shall have the advantage over a man who uses his property only to exploit others.

But as to distinguishing between agricultural and urban land, or let us say between land occupied mainly for agricultural production, and the house with or without a garden occupied by a craftsman, or even by the wage-slave, the problem is different because under modern conditions there is difficulty in distinguishing between the two.

You can settle simply enough by inquisition and declaration whether a man is or is not living under his own roof, whether a man is or is not paying rent to others for the privilege of a human home, but it is not so easy to distinguish nowadays between land that is urban and land that is rural.

In the 13th century the distinction was clear, and it is clearer to-day in societies where there is a strong peasantry than in societies based upon industrialism. Even in England it is possible to draw a working distinction. Land can be registered and by inspection verified as used in the main for the one purpose or for the other, with the policy of always leaning towards the recognition of the agricultural rather than the urban type. As for the urban type, there ought to be a simple rule that every lease should automatically contain the power of purchase by instalment, that any lease not

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containing the same should be void if it were a lease for more than a certain number of years. And, should this ordinance lead to the restriction of long leases, that should be met by forbidding the short lease without the option of renewal for a longer period. In this as in every other parallel case every effort should be made to reduce the function of usury : that it could be abolished entirely until or if society is remodelled is doubtful.

It will be argued of course that the greater part of tenancy under the industrial system to-day cannot envisage long leases or ultimate proprietorship. But such an objection is not to the point. We are not attempting to reconstruct property in land universally and at short notice. We are attempting a beginning wherever conditions may be favourable. And if to-day these conditions were observed with regard to non-agricultural land a beginning could be made.

Now, as to agricultural land, which is the real crux of the affair, even in such countries as ours (I mean England, Scotland and Wales, excluding Ireland) the problem has a special character of its own.

Let us suppose that there be in Great Britain to-day (England, Scotland and Wales) a sufficient remnant of men with the tradition of economic freedom and with the tradition of using the land. What are the conditions under which this remnant may be fostered and made to grow? If we can be certain of these, in the island as it now is, we can *a fortiori* apply those principles to other countries where the desire for land is more widely spread.

There would seem to apply to this problem the following principles, which I do not put down in any order of importance, for each of them is essential.

(1) You cannot make a peasant direct out of the townsman. You may graft the townsman on to the peasant, an existing peasantry can train and teach and digest into itself a certain moderate proportion of townsmen, but you cannot take the townsman and set him

down on the land, even under the most favourable conditions, and expect him to live upon it. He will fail (as the phrase goes) "to make a living"; that is, he will soon throw up his job in disgust. You will get exceptional men here and there who can transform themselves, there are still men in the towns who have hereditary instincts for the land, there are others who develop even without experience an understanding of the land, but the mass of men brought up under urban conditions, especially under modern urban conditions, come on the thing the wrong way round, and are therefore soon repelled by it. They are often attracted by the externals of country life, but have no liking for its practice. Their conception and, what is more important, their habit, of labour is a mechanical repetition through a limited number of hours during which they have to work at a pressure which renders such limitation necessary.

Agricultural work is the other way about. It is multiple rather than repetitive. It is not generally intense. It cannot be limited in hours, but must be indefinitely elastic. Further, there is this fundamental spiritual difference between the two: agricultural work is an interest when it is pursued for one's own sake, while modern mechanical urban work is a grievous task of which men always desire to be rid as soon as may be. The peasant goes on working slowly in his highly varied task throughout the whole of a long summer's day, and is filled with his occupation. But he keeps it voluntary, prepared to take his own recreation at his own times and to fill in with this or that the hours when he cannot work in the open.

(2) The second principle is this: The land will supply under well-divided property no more than a modest sustenance under normal conditions. The man with a small freehold which he cultivates himself with the aid of his family must not expect to be better off, and usually will not be so well off, in £.s.d. as the wage-slave of a corresponding station in society.

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It is one of the first things remarked by a wage-slave coming from industrial societies among a peasantry that the peasants are "beggarly." There is, of course, another reason for this besides the fact that the land must not be expected to provide more than a moderate sustenance, that other reason being the passion of the peasant for independence. It makes him keen to make the smallest sums of money, to hesitate on spending where he can save, to abhor magnificence, luxuries, and every form of what he feels to be waste.

I have used the phrase "f.s.d.," but to this there is an important reservation. Cobbett's small freeholder with a pig, perhaps a couple of milch cows, and communal rights over and above his limited pasturage and arable, would not, if you added up the market value of all that he got by his labour, have an income superior to the regularly paid labourer of the town. But he has two advantages; freedom, that is a sustenance under his own control; and quality, that is a sustenance better in every way, in material, in hours, in choice, in *locale*; the peasant eats not only of his own produce but off his own table and at his own hours.

(3) The third principle attaching to well-divided property in agricultural land is the principle that a man should himself live off the actual produce as much as possible. That, in practice, he can hardly ever do so altogether is true; there will always be division of labour, and with a peasantry determined on acquiring a maximum in order to preserve its independence such differentiation will often be pushed to an extreme limit. You will find many cases upon the Continent of men who live upon a tiny patch of vineyard. Their direct sustenance therefrom is only, say, a couple of gallons of wine a week for themselves and their dependants. They must obtain their bread and meat and clothing and necessary repairs of house and steading from the sale of their surplus. If the wine is of a special quality they will not even drink of their own produce

but sell it all. Even where there is a mixed holding much will be sold under the conditions of a high civilization for the purchase of necessities which the holding does not provide. But the underlying principle remains, and the more it is kept in view the sounder will the position be : live of your own.

(4) The fourth principle will, I am afraid, when it is stated plainly, appear fantastic, but it is essential. The burden laid upon the land of the small owner must be light, the tribute he has to pay—wherein I include usury in all its forms—must be a minimum. In other words, when you are attempting to re-establish a peasantry under adverse conditions that peasantry must be *privileged* as against the diseased society around it.

To-day false statistics could easily be prepared showing that a great mass of English land is in the possession of those who till it ; but as a fact it is really in the possession of money-lenders—principally the banks. The ownership is nominal ; the real control is in the money-lending power which exacts tribute. Now, unless you are prepared to start afresh with a system under which usury shall not drain the life-blood of the tiller of the soil, your efforts will fail. Your co-operative banks which charge only a moderate usury, and can often maintain that there is no true usury at all because the loans are productive, are wrong in principle. The tillage of land on a small scale is such that if you burden it with these outgoings you wound it with a wound which will ultimately bleed it to death. That is equally true of every other form of tribute.

I have in my mind as I write one patch of land, a concrete case, of which I know all the details. Thirty acres of land of an average quality in a purely agricultural district. The true burden of taxation under the same is, as things now are, an income-tax to begin with upon the rental, although no rent be paid, although the land and the house upon it be in the possession of the tiller. This income-tax, being graduated, may in the case of the

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small owner be small, but it exists. In the particular case I am considering as the 30 acres belong to a large property, it comes to some 3s. an acre. The tithe, which is I admit a heavy one, comes to nearly 9s. an acre. The land is already to some extent subsidized by the abolition of agricultural rates, but there is the rate upon the house, a rate of 4s. in the £ upon the supposed rental value. I do not speak of the burden of upkeep in gates and the rest which a certain social standard imposes and which, were a free peasantry in existence, would be greatly lowered at the expense of what are now called "Good Appearances." The mere money burden of the rates and taxes including tithe is more than the thing will bear. The effect of them upon the small owner is just what it would be upon the urban worker if he were to be asked to pay £15 a year out of his subsistence wage. Quite apart from any question of usurious tribute it is a burden more than the thing will stand.

To these main principles there are two more which I would add: first the necessity of co-operation among the small owners for the purposes of marketing and for the lowering of the costs of production, for instance co-operation in the dairy business. The second is the permission of alienation. The reason I exclude these two from the main principles is because a peasantry once established will solve such problems for itself; co-operation will naturally arise and the restriction of absolute ownership by rules forbidding alienation kill effort, they are a form of servitude. A free peasantry once established will see to itself. Make it unfree by supervision from any form of bureaucracy and the moral motive power will be maimed. There is further, a final principle which, while not essential, is operative for good, and it lies immediately to our hand. It is the principle that everything should be done by the artifice of the laws to make it easy for the smaller man to buy land from the richer man and difficult for the larger man to buy land from the smaller man. You must

establish what is called upon the Continent "cadastre." There must be a register of land (it already exists in practice through the income-tax schedules) and you must establish by a differential tax—the principle of which you can find in the Wyndham Land Act in Ireland—a tendency for the small man to buy from the great and for the great to sell to the small.

Granted such principles underlying your effort, applying that effort to men who are already tilling the land and have an hereditary faculty therein, leaving yourself free to feed into such a system new men hitherto unconnected with the land but capable of being grafted on to an existing peasantry, and your peasantry will prosper and grow. It will grow slowly, it will not, for a very long time, become the predominant note in a society already morally ruined by industrialism, but it will form a nucleus of health in such a society.

It is evident from what has been said that any such attempt to re-erect a peasantry in a society where the idea of a peasantry has almost disappeared must be based upon subsidy, that is, upon gift. You have to foster the new growth, and that can only be done at the expense of other forms of wealth surrounding the new growth. If in England, for instance, you abolish the tithe on the small man (keep it by all means upon the large man) someone will have to find the difference. The same is true of taxes and of rates. In other words, you cannot start a new peasantry save at the expense of the diseased society surrounding it; and if you are not prepared to impose that sacrifice your peasantry will never be established. It *must* begin as a social luxury and, like all luxuries, must be extravagantly paid for. What you have to decide is whether it is worth while to the health and the morals of the community that the economic effort should be made.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE death of Viscount Grey of Fallodon marks the passing of the last great Foreign Secretary that this country has known. His successors have been men of the second class, with the exception of Lord Curzon, who, however, was by no means at his best at the Foreign Office. In his survey of Irish politics, *Ireland, Dupe or Heroine?*, Lord Middleton suggests that the British failure in Dublin was largely due to the fact that it was extremely rare for any statesman of the first rank to be appointed Chief Secretary. The steady decline of the nation's prestige abroad since the war has been largely due to the prevalence of the same state of affairs at the Foreign Office.

The greatness of Grey lay in the fact that he pursued a definite policy, and, like Canning, stuck to it in the face of the opposition of a large section of his own party. Radicals and Socialists howled when a friendly understanding was reached with Russia (now they would welcome one with the blood-stained Soviet), and the sentimentalists shrieked when Northern Persia was handed over to the Czar. Grey knew that everything must be subjected to the creation of a united Triple Entente front against Germany, and he was prepared to sacrifice the lesser for the greater. A good many British statesmen of this century have seen the light, but only two or three have had the courage to follow it. Among the latter was Grey, and in this lies his chief claim to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen.

Grey and the War

IT is beside the point to say that had Grey taken a firmer line in the week that preceded the war, hostilities might have been averted. There is no evidence that this would have been the case, and, in any event, as a member of a preponderantly pacifist administration Grey was not in a position to shake the mailed fist. By July, 1914, it

was too late to check Germany by threats, and the blame for the catastrophe must rest with Grey's colleagues in the Cabinet, who ignored the warnings of Lord Roberts, and with the majority of the electors who kept the Liberal Government in power.

The position of Grey would have been impossible but for the support he received from the Conservatives, which offset the opposition in the Liberal ranks. Had he been a minister in a Conservative administration it would have been a very different matter, because in those days Conservatism had not become tainted with pacifism. The verdict of history is likely to be that he did his best in very difficult circumstances, and his place among the greatest Foreign Secretaries is assured for the reason that he completed the work of Lord Lansdowne, namely, the creation of the alliance that finally brought Germany to her knees.

The Moral

A WEAK England means a disturbed Europe, and for that reason alone it is good news that Lord Lloyd on behalf of the South Kensington Conservative Association, is going to raise the question of Imperial Defence at the forthcoming Conservative conference at Birmingham. The prospect of war on the Continent is every day becoming more certain, and this country's responsibilities are out of all proportion to its armaments. If we are not involved in the conflict we must be in a position to make our neutrality respected; if we are implicated, we must see that our intervention is effective. At present we could do neither.

It was this state of affairs, rather than our indecision at the last moment, that brought on the last war, as it will assuredly precipitate the next. On land, sea, and air this country is a Great Power in name only, and if we were involved in hostilities to-morrow we could defend neither our trade-routes nor our coasts. The opponents of an increase in armaments maintain

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that in the event of war we are certain of the support of France or Italy, so there is no need for us to do anything, but things have surely come to a pretty pass when the British Empire is to be defended by Frenchmen and Italians. Lord Lloyd should be assured of the unanimous support of the Conservative delegates at Birmingham.

The Position in Spain

THE Spanish Republic, which was hailed two years ago as ushering in a "new dawn," has now come under the control of an elderly diabetic in the person of Alejandro Lerroux. It is, indeed, something that Azaña is no longer in office, though the new Prime Minister has promised the President that his first care will be to pass the bills now before the Cortes; that is to say he will carry out the extremist policy of his predecessor. Such being the case the change of government is likely to mean nothing, except that Lerroux is a far weaker man than Azaña. The Socialists are no longer in the administration, but Lerroux cannot govern against their wishes without dissolving the Cortes, and if he does that he signs the death-warrant of the regime.

The rulers of Spain to-day dare not go to the poll. Whenever an opportunity offers the Spanish people show their detestation of the existing order. At the elections last month in which the municipal councillors chose fifteen members of the Court of Constitutional Guarantees, only five supporters of the Government were returned; and this in spite of a pressure the character of which can be judged from the fact that at Burgos the Civil Governor imprisoned all who were likely to vote against the official candidates. When the professional bodies had to choose their representatives the same tendency was evident, and the lawyers actually returned Calvo Sotelo, who was Minister of Finance under General Primo de Rivera, and is now living in exile.

The Nadir of Republicanism

FROM the day when the Second Spanish Republic came into being on a minority vote owing to King Alfonso's determination not to shed his subjects' blood, it has never been supported by more than a fraction of the Spanish people, and now that fraction is shrinking at such a rate that ere long it will not provide even the basis necessary for an oligarchical government. In November the local elections are due to take place in the larger centres of population, where intimidation is not easy, and the Republicans are in abject terror of the result. On these elections they came in, and on these there appears to be a good chance that they will go out.

At the same time it may well be that things will have to be worse before they are better. The extremists have been allowed to carry matters with a high hand for so long, that they will not relinquish their hold upon the country easily. What is reassuring is that the framework of civilization in Spain is proving too strong for those who wish to destroy it. That is the moral of the reaction against the Republic, and it is one of the few comforting facts about the international situation. As so often before, Sancho Panza will see Don Quixote through in the end.

The Future of Austria

ALL the evidence goes to show that Dr. Dollfuss is fighting a losing battle, and only a miracle can save him. His only hope was to restore the monarchy, and so to provide Austrian patriotism with a rallying-point in the person of the Archduke Otto. He failed, like a good many Austrian statesmen before him, to realize that one cannot permanently combat an idea with policemen, and this mistake seems likely to entail the failure of a struggle that has won the admiration of the whole world.

Austria now seems fated to become *de facto* a protectorate either of Germany or of Italy. Less than a century ago she was mistress of both, and now the policy of Bismarck and Cavour has been carried to its logical

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conclusion, with the result that their successors are to-day quarrelling over the corpse of the once *felix Austria*. From the British point of view it is to be hoped that Rome is the victor in this new struggle, for the death of King Feisal is likely to entail enough complication in the Middle East without the additional one of Prussia obtaining control of Vienna, and so being able to revive her Oriental ambitions of pre-war days.

A Book of the Year

IT is a thousand pities that the best foreign books are so often ignored in this country, while the rubbish is accorded undue prominence. For example, "Le Siècle de Louis XV," by Pierre Gaxotte (Fayard, 16 fr. 50), has hardly been noticed on this side of the Channel, and yet it is one of the most important contributions to the study of the eighteenth century that has made its appearance for years. The reigns of Louis XV and his grandson are invariably treated by English writers as a period of decadence, only interesting as the prelude to the "inevitable" Revolution. In this book M. Gaxotte clearly proves that such an interpretation has no foundation in fact, and he also reminds us that this was the age of true internationalism, of a Europe "*si cohérente et si unie que les guerres entre les princes n'arrivaient pas à la diviser.*"

During the reign of Louis XV the population of France increased by some six millions, the export trade of the country was trebled, and in Paris alone more than ten thousand new houses were built. Nor was this enormous increase of prosperity confined to any one class, and it will come as a surprise to most English readers to learn that before the Revolution began more than half the land was already in possession of the peasants. Far from the Revolution being inevitable, M. Gaxotte shows that had Louis XV lived another five years nothing would have been heard of it. No man or woman who claims to be educated can afford to miss this book.



On Making a Will

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

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Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

The End of a Blind Alley

“THE END OF OUR TIME,” by Nicholas Berdyaev (Sheed and Ward), presents an important thesis with a clarity that deserves praise. The thesis, in brief, is that our modern malaise marks the predestined end of Renaissance humanism. “That Humanism,” writes M. Berdyaev, “has not strengthened mankind but weakened him is the paradoxical *dénouement* of modern history. In the very act of affirming himself, he has lost himself. European man strode into modern history full of confidence in himself and his creative powers, in this dawn all seemed to depend on his own power of making, to which he put neither frontiers nor limits; to-day he leaves it to pass into an unknown epoch, discouraged, his faith in shreds

—that faith which he had in his own powers and the strength of his own skill—threatened with the loss forever of the core of his own personality . . . Modern history is an enterprise which has come to grief; it has not glorified man as it led him to hope: the promises of Humanism have not been fulfilled. Man is tired to death and is ready to rest upon any kind of collectivism that may come; and the human individuality will vanish once and for all. Modern man cannot stand up against his own loneliness and his own dereliction."

In tracing out this theme—which is a version of Spenglerism, made by a man who believes that Christianity is of absolute, and not merely of relative, value—M. Berdyaev is steadily interesting. "The new man (of the Renaissance), indifferent to divine sanctions, wanted to be the maker and master of life, without help from on high. . . . When he broke away from the spiritual moorings of his life, he tore himself from the deeps and went to the surface. . . . In the present century, the apex of the humanist era, European man stands amid a frightening emptiness. . . . There is then a vast gulf and a formidable contradiction between the beginning of the humanist era and its end."

The point of M. Berdyaev's analysis of modern history is that "the Renaissance had the seeds of death within itself, in its foundations lay the destructive contradiction of Humanism which on the one hand exalted man and attributed to him unlimited powers, and on the other saw nothing in him but a limited dependent creature, knowing nothing of spiritual freedom. In order to make man greater, Humanism took away his likeness to the divine and subjected him to natural necessity. . . . Man without God is no longer man: that is the religious meaning of the internal dialectic of modern history, the history of the grandeur and of the dissipation of humanist illusions. . . . It is a general law that human individuality is strong, fruitful, and consistent so long as it recognizes superindividual and

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superhuman realities and values and subdues itself to them. The moment that it denies these things, it becomes crippled, withered, good for nothing."

Holding these views, M. Berdyaev can see no quick or easy way out for Western man. "There is good reason to believe," he writes, "that man's creative forces cannot be regenerated or his identity re-established except by a renewal of religious asceticism. Only such a recall to our spiritual foundations can concentrate our powers and keep our identity from coming to dust. There is nothing else for it now that, at the climax of our later history, the powers of evil threaten again to cast us down. It is no good to yearn for a new kind of Renaissance after such a spiritual drying-up and dilapidation, after such wanderings in the desert of life, after so deep a sundering of human identity."

Mr. Wells's Nightmare

A STARTLING contrast to this vision of a new asceticism is Mr. Wells's notion of the future of mankind. In "The Shape of Things To Come" (Hutchinson), Mr. Wells does an outline of the history of the next two hundred years. He has never written more forcefully, or more readably. The book is a brilliant exposition of his heartfelt views: his indignation at man's muddling inefficiency; his trust that reason, science, and organization can cure society's ills; his distaste for religion; his contempt for the past; his certainty that all our traditional culture is pompous rubbish.

The future, as seen by Mr. Wells, is to be a swift, painful collapse of the present order, followed by a world-dictatorship of aviators and Puritan scientists. Under their tutelage, man is cleansed of his culture, of his soul, of every troublesome emotion, and is then made free, sanitary, peaceful and prosperous. The book is worth reading to see how horrid such agreeable benefits can be made to sound. And it is worth reading, also,

for the merits of its author. Mr. Wells has high seriousness; he knows we are facing a crisis in history; he has the strength of conviction, and a liveliness of imagination that commands praise. Yet his views are eighteenth-century Enlightenment gone stale, gone tawdry in the harsh light of 1933. There is no better way of seeing this than by comparing "The Shape of Things To Come" with the first section of M. Berdyaev's book.

Some Novels

"VANESSA," by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan), is the third volume of the trilogy that began with "Rogue Herries." It picks up the story of the Herries clan at a family gathering in Cumberland on Judith Paris's hundredth birthday, in 1874, and carries it in great detail down to the present day, weaving the careers and fates of the flourishing family in and out of the romantic love-story which is the real *raison-d'être* of this volume. Mr. Walpole is always a competent storyteller, and there are moments in the history of Vanessa and Benjamin Herries when he rises above competence and touches the imagination; but these moments are few, and for the most part the story is more like a detailed development of *Cavalcade* than an original creation. "Vanessa" is a leisurely and painstaking chronicle of the past sixty years of English life. But it is lacking in originality; every detail is reminiscent; every one of its many—and convincing—characters are recognizable characters in fiction. "Vanessa," in short, is diverting enough to read; but its reality is purely "literary," and the story lacks memorable qualities.

"The Rash Act," by Ford Madox Ford (Cape), is not only not memorable, it is nonsense. The story is an account of two young men who were so alike that one could assume the other's identity. It is a decidedly poor story, and Mr. Ford has written it in the indirect, tortuous manner we have come to associate with the

novel of ideas, the result to the reader being that, after the maddening experience of labouring to follow the chronology of the story, he finds himself cheated of any interpretation and with no reward for his pains but a very silly and unimportant fantasy.

The Age of Elizabeth

It is a truism to say that the sixteenth century was the age of spectacular contrasts. One is fascinated, bewildered and not infrequently one's intelligence is outraged by folk who dared begin a new age of reason by flouting the sanctities of a dozen centuries and could yet flounder in helpless superstition like any medieval Calabrian peasant; who, while ransacking the earth both for art treasures and gastronomic dainties, were content to live amidst filth and smells; who either dressed themselves in the gaudiest of silks and satins and then almost concealed those textiles with even gaudier jewels, or else (quite apart from the clericals) went about, on all occasions, clad from top to toe in soberest black; who utterly debased every ethical canon in pursuit of place and riches and could yet utter as noble sentiments as ever were heard on earth—and mean them, too, for they were capable of dying for them.

All this is to be seen in the third of Mr. G. B. Harrison's "Elizabethan Journals,"* a unique type of historical work, which sets forth with imagination and painstaking care the subjects which might be expected to have engaged the minds of ordinary educated people during the last thirteen years of the reign of the great queen whose death marks the end of the trilogy. There is Essex's rebellion, all the lawlessness, stupidity and heroism of that adventure, culminating in the great scene on the block where the brilliant young nobleman who had never recognized a master (or, what was more important, a mistress) flung himself with self-conscious beauty on the block and called out, "Executioner, strike home. Come, Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus, and receive my soul: O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." There is the figure of Bacon, busy creating a new house for man's reason and carrying out at the same time with his facile pen every shady

* "A Last Elizabethan Journal, 1599-1603," by G. B. Harrison. (Constable. 21s.)

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job which would ingratiate him with authority. There are accounts of the productions of Shakespeare's first masterpieces, and solemn discussions by highly intelligent churchmen of demoniac possession and its proper exorcism. There is the burning and torture of women as witches, and the humane, if illogical, reprieve of one of them because a jury of matrons found that she was with child.

The unmodulated contrasts of the age survive in our modern conception of its great personages. To some, Queen Elizabeth was the supremely great stateswoman and her rival, Mary Stuart, merely a muddler and a murderess; to others Mary is literally a saint and Elizabeth, apart from sheer incompetence, various things that are quite unprintable. One can scarcely imagine carrying such contrasts into other ages. No one would seriously consider calling Charles I a saint and Cromwell an ogre, or *vice versa*. And Englishmen are nowadays quite as likely to be as temperate in their verdicts on Napoleon as Americans on *their* aforetime bogey George III. But to English people, until quite recently at least, their great antagonist of the sixteenth century, Philip II, has been a ferocious and bloodstained bigot, just that and nothing more, while to his own people he has remained almost what Saint Louis is to the French.

It is hard to decide which conception is the more fantastic, nor is it possible to reconcile them. The ordinary English reader, even if he is ready to grant that his own childhood picture of Philip is somewhat lacking in human plausibility, is nevertheless puzzled to explain the Spaniards' affection for the monarch who dissipated his country's greatness and prosperity in pursuit of an unattainable ideal. The truth is, no doubt, that it was that ideal and its pursuit that earned him his glory in his own country; and, completing the circle, there are not a few Englishmen to whom Philip is unsympathetic who yet believe that it was a tragedy that he failed in his life work of restoring Europe to one faith.

Professor Mariéjol* sets out to make Philip human and comprehensible, and up to a point he succeeds. One can really understand the overburdened little man of precise habits and feeble constitution who found the task of governing his vast heritage beyond his powers—or probably beyond anyone else's.

* "Master of the Armada." By Jean H. Mariéjol, translated from the French by Warre B. Wells. (Hamish Hamilton. 18s. 6d.)

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH

Unfortunately for him he enjoyed the sedentary paper-work of administration when what the Catholic Crusade and his own people's itch for glory required was an active, decisive soldier-statesman like his great father Charles V. He was torn between the aggression imposed on him by Rome and his own prelates, and the compromises required by Spain's commercial interests which could not flourish in war. If he burned heretics, as his temperament dictated, he incurred rebellion abroad; if he failed to do so he invited rebellion at home. It was all impossible, this imposition of the ideal, which was the Universal Church, upon the fact which was the Reformation; and no man could have been less fit to achieve it than the little king who was too narrow to be a statesman and too cautious to be a soldier.

The author's conception is sound, but his presentation of it is sadly inadequate. There is little of Philip and a great deal of the commonplaces of contemporary history. The chronology is confused, the personages a bewildering catalogue of names, the motives obscure and unconvincing. And the errors are inexcusable. Pius V did not excommunicate Elizabeth primarily because of Mary Stuart's captivity, nor was Mary the employer of Ridolfi. These mistakes may have been due to compression, but a bare reading of documents would have avoided such blunders as the "considerable number of ships" which the English lost in the expedition of 1591, when Grenville was captured, or the statement that the Bull awarded the throne of Spain to Philip, or—worst of all, since it completely distorts the picture of Anglo-Spanish relations—that Elizabeth "accepted the sovereignty of the Low Countries." It is unfortunate that Professor Mariéjol relies so exclusively on Froude for that large portion of his book having to do with English affairs.

The style is not a happy one. It lacks direction, movement and coherence, while the frequent use of rhetorical questions is irritating. The translation, except for an occasional lapse into unnecessary compounds (the taking-up of, the setting-off), is unaffected and intelligent.

MILTON WALDMAN.

The Post-Victorians

THE POST-VICTORIANS. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.)

A RIGID pedant might define a Post-Victorian as anyone born after 1901, the date of Queen Victoria's death. A more liberal mind would probably define a Post-Victorian as anyone who

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had come to maturity after 1901. But the anonymous editor of this series of biographies is content to base himself on the indisputable fact that anyone born after the birth of Victoria is *ipso facto* Post-Victorian, and, to illustrate this position, has included two persons, Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Roberts, both of whom were born in the reign of William IV.

Dean Inge, who contributes an introduction to this book, is a little fretful about the editor's strange, though logically defensible, conception of a Post-Victorian. "What on earth am I to make of this queer list of names?" he asks, and finds no satisfactory answer. Towards the close of the introduction, perhaps feeling that he has not been very cordial, he says that the list is a representative one, but the irritation it has caused him is still present, and he relieves it by adding "It contains one name which the next generation may be glad to forget."

There are several names in the list which the next generation will find great difficulty in remembering. But which is the name which the Dean hopes they will try to forget? The present reviewer has weighed each of the forty names with the most anxious care, has tried to convince himself that the object of the Dean's aversion is Marie Lloyd, as first choice, Lord Balfour, as second, and Sir Thomas Lipton, as third; but has always returned with reluctance to D. H. Lawrence, the only name in this collection of Post-Victorians capable of seriously offending an "unrepentant Victorian," as the Dean calls himself.

But though the editor has been guided in his choice of names too exclusively by a desire to conciliate as wide a circle of readers as possible, and has perhaps borne in mind the fact that the more affluent section of the reading public consists of Post-Victorians who were born well before 1901, the book is very readable on the whole, and is, even when dull, informative.

Of the politicians, the most sincerely treated is Lord Haldane. Everyone knows how he was sacrificed to war hysteria by men who knew the full value of his achievement. There is therefore no reason for reticence, and Mr. Shane Leslie makes good use of the opportunity to give a faithful account of a statesman only recently dead. Asquith, when he sacrificed to the mob a man whom Douglas Haig called "the greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had," did not even, Mr. Shane Leslie tells us, write to Haldane to soften the blow with a private expression of what he really felt about Haldane's work. Asquith himself

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is sketched by Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell, who compares him with Cæsar, Cincinnatus and Coriolanus, although Cæsar brought a great war to a successful finish, Cincinnatus did not play bridge, and Coriolanus called his wife "my gracious silence."

Balfour is treated with equal tenderness by Lord Midleton, who characterizes Balfour's loyalty to his colleagues as "phenomenal." It was certainly not absolute. The Post-Edwardian, Mr. Quintin Hogg, is more realistic. His sketch of Bonar Law is extremely able, and written in a direct and forcible style such as Macaulay might have used, had he lived a little longer, and become more disillusioned.

The literary biographies in this volume are excellent, especially Mr. Massingham's of W. H. Hudson, and Mr. Child's of A. B. Walkley. But some of them raise again the old question, why famous authors, recently dead, should be treated with an anxious sympathy which is not extended either to the living or to those who have been dead for some time. No doubt the answer is that to champion the living is rash, and to champion those who have long been dead is dull.

Why did George Moore set a pack of dogs on a cat when he was a boy? Substitute Sterne, and the question loses its poignancy. It would hardly distress Mr. Humbert Wolfe to learn that Sterne had turned a jaguar loose in an orphanage; but in his sketch of George Moore he pictures himself walking down Ebury Street, brooding on this problem of George Moore *v.* the cat, and hopefully considering the possibility that George Moore outlived the spiritual phase implicit in his treatment of cats and women. This sentimental bias has spoiled an otherwise delightful essay.

The same bias is present, though much less strongly, in Mr. Lynd's essay on Arnold Bennett, whose "Imperial Palace" he defends as a book which the author of "The Old Wives' Tale" had no reason to regret writing. Authors, he says, have their great periods of imaginative fertility, and are not to be blamed for the subsequent period of barrenness, and he instances Wordsworth among others. To the author of the Ode on Immortality the words "imperial palace" signified the state of spiritual perfection from which man had fallen, not the state of material perfection to which a gifted provincial might rise. To compare the later Wordsworth and the later Bennett is to fail to distinguish between a state of barrenness reached through exhaustion

and a state of barrenness reached as the natural destination of a man primarily interested in success and money. The problem of Bennett is not how he came to write "Imperial Palace," but how he managed to write "The Old Wives' Tale"; and the problem may eventually be solved by deciding that "The Old Wives' Tale" is a brilliant imitation of French models, not an imaginative expression of Bennett's real feeling about the Five Towns.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Ibn Sa'ud

IBN SA'UD: THE PURITAN KING OF ARABIA. By KENNETH WILLIAMS.
(Jonathan Cape. 299 pages. 8s. 6d.)

THIS is an important contribution to current literature on the events of the past decade in the East. It is accurate, critical, admirably written and well documented. Ibn Sa'ud is, in the opinion of all who have known him, a man in a million. The verdict is unanimous, and it was pronounced before he attained his present position as the undisputed ruler of the whole Arabian peninsula from (except Oman and Yemen) sea to sea. "He has never in his long reign made a mistake," said Sir Percy Cox not many years ago, and he has maintained this proud record unblemished.

Ibn Sa'ud, like Riza Shah of Persia, has never made the pilgrimage to Europe which has almost invariably proved fatal to Oriental monarchs. He is a man of commanding height and compelling personality, uxorious without salacity, stern towards his foes, but generous to his captives; a good man of business, but no miser, he unites all those qualities which his followers, and many others, deem admirable. His lineage is as ancient as any in Arabia, the religious beliefs which inform his life are the purest form of monotheism. They are shared by those on whom alone he relies for support and constitute a "religio," a potent bond, which is reinforced by climatic, regional and racial conditions. His principal preoccupation has, indeed, been rather to restrain than to encourage the martial instincts of his followers, who are apt to regard the slaughter of their enemies, their wives and children, as a sacred duty. They are the embodiment, in the twentieth century, of the spirit of Abijah and Asa, who entered into a covenant "to seek the Lord God of their fathers with all their heart and with all their soul; that whosoever would not seek the Lord God of Israel should be put to death, whether

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small or great, man or woman . . . and all Judah rejoiced . . . and sought him with their whole desire." (II Chron., 12, 13.)

Mr. Williams rightly devotes much space to the difficulties created by this spirit, and to the terrible retribution visited upon Ibn Sa'ud's turbulent followers by the Royal Air Force which, for the time being, has put an end to these raids. But he emphasizes, as has no other writer, that "kindly sentiments alone can accomplish nothing in the desert. Economics precede and are more permanent than politics. The economic is in the long run the winning factor, and if governments forbid raids they must provide for the tribes, who not seldom experience starvation, the means to live."

In our dealings with Ibn Sa'ud we have hitherto almost completely ignored this factor. We have every reason to believe, from experience along the pipe lines between Iraq and Syria, that water can be obtained in many places at reasonable depth, and that it can be economically found and brought to the surface by modern methods of drilling and pumping. A scientific mission to the Sandia Kingdom, if successful in discovering water, the primary need of pastoral tribes, would do more than all the weapons of modern war to bring peace. The nomads of Arabia will not abandon reliance on their sword until they can produce, within their own borders, the meagre essentials of pastoral life.

Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow—
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Perhaps it is well so; but we have still to learn the same lesson.

A. T. WILSON.

War Memories of David Lloyd George*

THIS book is interesting both for what it records and for what it omits. We find, for instance, no mention of those meetings of the anti-war minority of the Cabinet in July and August, 1914, which are so graphically described by Lord Morley in his "Memorandum on Resignation"; we find no mention, again, of those meetings with the representatives of the City, attended by the Prime Minister, to which Lord Oxford has referred. On the other hand, we find a very striking and well-reasoned memorandum on the higher strategy of the war, dated

* Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 21s. net.

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January 1, 1915, which will enhance Mr. Lloyd George's reputation as a writer of memoranda. It will, however, diminish his reputation as a statesman, because it makes it clear that its author was "an Easterner" from the very start, failed to carry his point, remained in the Cabinet, sat quiet through the long agony of the Somme, and when Prime Minister piled Pelion on Ossa, lending his name and prestige first to Nivelle's fatal offensive and then to the slaughter of Passchendaele.

The most interesting feature of the book is, of course, the account of the munitions campaign. It is curious, however, that the author does not appear to have realized that the dream of a war won by high explosives was not fulfilled, but proved, on the other hand, the most tragic and fatal delusion of the whole four years' campaign. It was wholly untrue that we should have "broken through" at Neuve Chapelle, at Festubert, or at Loos if we had attacked on a wider front with unlimited munitions. The Somme proved that. It would be ridiculous to blame Mr. Lloyd George for not foreseeing the failure of 1916: when every general was pleading lack of munitions as the cause of failure in 1915, it was right and proper that the Cabinet, and Mr. Lloyd George in particular, should strain every nerve to make good the deficiency; and it is also right that Mr. Lloyd George should take credit, as he does in very liberal doses, for his personal share in creating the superabundance of munitions which were wasted in 1916 and 1917. It is amazing, however, to find that to-day, after eighteen years, Mr. Lloyd George should still be unaware of the essentially subordinate part played by mere weight of material in deciding the issue of the last war. If one-tenth of the energy expended by the Government in supplying Lord Haig with munitions had been expended on the vigorous and intelligent direction of the higher strategy, which is the proper task of Ministers in war, the history of the world would have been very different. In this matter, Mr. Lloyd George, like others, must be judged, not by his words, but by his actions. When he was in the saddle, he showed precisely the same inability to drive his team that Mr. Asquith had showed. Both men have great individual achievements to their credit: neither was a great War Minister, or man enough to place a veto on strategy and tactics which they felt to be fundamentally unsound.

Mr. Lloyd George is not generous in his tributes to the War Office Ordnance Department, and the reader is left without

any conception of the total of munitions provided by the War Office, or of the relatively late date in the campaign when the first products of the Ministry of Munitions reached the troops. He is also in error in thinking that the 4·7 is an army weapon, or that it is larger than a 60-pounder. This mistake, with others, will no doubt be corrected in later editions. "X."

His Excellency the Spectre

HIS EXCELLENCY THE SPECTRE. By JOACHIM VON KÜRENBERG. Translated by E. O. LORIMER. (Constable & Co.)

THIS can hardly be the last word on the mysterious Baron von Holstein, the man who pulled the strings at the Berlin Foreign Office for more than thirty eventful years. He is sufficiently important to merit a graver, if less picturesque, biography than that of Herr von Kürenberg. This author's presentation of him is characteristic of the modern German portraiture of dubious personages in history—sensational, legendary in detail, accurate in broad lines. It is reminiscent of Klabund's "Borgia" in both its impressionism and its subject. In effect, there seems little to choose, in the two correlated stories, between the camarillas and servants of Alexander VI and those of William II. Here and there upright characters emerge, but they are few and far between. It may be taken for granted that Holstein fitted cold-bloodedly into his surroundings, the slanderous self-seeking of the high officials, or the painted sailors' haunt of perversity, though personally he employed the prevalent vices for his ends and not his pleasure. Yet there is always something to be said for the successful intriguer. Holstein was far more continuously successful than any of his Renaissance counterparts, who mostly died in the thirties. He himself managed to survive till a fairly ripe old age, and, if he did not exactly die in the odour of sanctity, he managed to wriggle out of life, as he had wriggled through it, without there being complete unanimity that he was possessed of a devil. At all events, equally like his predecessors in intrigue, he had worked like a demon, and his incredible endurance was as great an asset as his cunning.

But his political contribution to history, the result of incessant work and inspired by a patriotic ideal, supremely Prussian, was a failure. He was more responsible than anybody else for undoing the work of Bismarck, and so bringing on the War. But the responsibility has to be divided between him and Bülow, and

only future revelations will fix the degree. It doesn't very much matter which it was. As far as any person or thing can be held directly responsible, the corrupt and frivolous Prussian system of the later Imperial epoch must take an unenviable share. If recent memoirs are to be believed, it consistently put personal ambition before the public weal, and the fate of humanity counted but relatively in the general balance. Holstein accepted the system and played on it. He made and unmade Chancellors, Secretaries of State, Ambassadors and the like, from personal motives of his own, and maintained himself by a network of agents and familiars at home and abroad. All he cared for was to remain the remote *Eminence Grise* (though the accepted comparison is hard on Père Joseph), the Spectre, intimidating by blackmail, the Slowworm, shunning the light, all to keep himself in power. His genius consisted in making himself indispensable. "I know the worst," said Prince Hohenlohe to his nephew, on becoming Imperial Chancellor, "but I need the man." So Holstein achieved what virtually no other "permanent" official in any country has achieved. Owing largely to his valuable gift of disappearance at the right moment, he became really permanent. It is a rare quality and disconnected with virtue. "The diplomat's stock-in-trade," he wrote in his diary, "is not untruth, but the power to keep the truth from time to time in abeyance." By all accounts, though perhaps not to the extent described by Von Kurenberg, he was an inhuman, unscrupulous and unsympathetic recluse, who had no religion and no love affairs. Only once in his life was he kissed, and that was by his old nurse. It would be interesting to know what Hitler thinks of him and his times. For at least, whatever may be said for or against the Third Reich, it is—up to date—far wholesomer, though perhaps also more truculent, than the Second, and, being in the hands of Youth, is by no means wedded either to the traditions, aims or methods of the latter. And after all, Hitler is an Austrian.

J. D. GREGORY.

The Life of Admiral von Hipper

THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL VON HIPPER. By CAPTAIN HUGO VON WALDEYER HARTZ. Translated by F. APPLEBY HOLT. (Rich & Cowan, Ltd. 20s. net. Illustrated.)

THE "Life of Von Hipper," by Captain Von Hartz, is the story of a great man and a great seaman who has earned the

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pedestal which history will assuredly allot to him in her gallery of the great sea commanders of all races.

Though this book will be of great interest to the general reader, its importance to the maritime student lies in the searchlight which it throws upon the fallacious strategical doctrines which stifled the enterprise and fighting spirit of British and German seamen alike.

Von Hipper went to his grave deploring the operation orders of the German Naval Staff in Berlin which, until the relief of Von Pohl by Von Scheer in 1916, made of the German Navy a harbour fleet. Though the author claims that the wet blanket of the Naval Staff was cast aside by Von Scheer, the German flight to harbour during the night of Jutland disproves this assertion. But the doctrine of the "fleet in being" and the avoidance of risk to the battle fleet, had flourished in the British Admiralty since 1904, and it was to this malign influence that we owe the disastrous indecision of Jutland.

By keeping our own fleet "in being" we left the German fleet in a position to immobilize, for the remainder of the war, the Armada of Scapa Flow.

A blemish in this admirable book is the repeated complaint of the British blockade. The author overlooks the fact that to blockade our opponents, while preventing the blockade of Great Britain, is the main object of the British Navy, as it should have been the business of the German fleet to break that blockade by decisive action with the British Fleet if Germany wished to avoid the collapse and mutiny which finally broke her.

The account of the battle cruiser action will dispel the myth of the superiority of German gunnery, while emphasizing the inferiority of the British material upon which Lord Fisher and his school had concentrated their attention almost exclusively since the unhappy launch of the Dreadnought policy which sent to the scrap heap the magnificent pre-Dreadnought fleet of Great Britain.

BERNARD ACWORTH.

The Third Great Canning

THE LIFE OF STRATFORD CANNING. By E. F. MALCOLM-SMITH. (Benn. 18s.)

THE more books there are about the days when British ambassadors were not treated as clerks the better, and for that reason

alone the present volume would be welcome. Lane-Poole's biography of Stratford Canning suffers from the double disadvantage of being in two volumes and out of print, so that on this score, too, Miss Malcolm-Smith has done well to re-write the life of the "Great Elchi." Her work is scholarly, and the only serious criticism that can be brought against it is that she does not allow sufficiently for Austrian economic interests in her analysis of Metternich's reasons for supporting the Sultan at the time of the Greek revolt.

The author gives Stratford Canning full credit for his work in furthering the Treaty of Bucharest in 1812 between Turkey and Russia, which enabled the whole of the Russian forces to be used against Napoleon, and also for what he did to bring about the independence of Greece. She has, too, no hesitation in stating that he was not responsible for the Crimean War, and she quotes chapter and verse in support of her opinion. This book should dispose once and for all of an allegation which owes its origin solely to the desire of the party politician to blame the man on the spot for his own incompetence. We have had innumerable examples of the same thing during the past fifteen years.

It is perfectly clear that Miss Malcolm-Smith has written this book as a piece of sober history, and so it is, but it is a book with a moral. That moral is contained in a letter written by Stratford Canning to the Foreign Office in 1853, in which he said: "The extreme desire for peace, if care be not taken, may bring on the danger of war." This sentence should be repeated ten times before breakfast by every Member of Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet, and in addition the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary should be compelled to read at least once a week the admirable account which the present author gives of the way in which the pacificism of Lord Aberdeen precipitated hostilities with Russia.

The fact that in our time the Ottoman Empire was unable to weather the storm is no proof that Stratford Canning was wrong in his, and this volume should definitely place him, where Tennyson did, as the "third Great Canning."

CHARLES PETRIE.

Richard Jefferies

RICHARD JEFFERIES. By REGINALD ARKELL. (Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.)

EVIDENTLY Mr. Arkell, in common with a good many countrymen, dislikes the false and fantastic picture of English rural life, which a number of present-day writers delight to draw. To him,

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what some reviewers call "Stark realism" is undiluted bosh, or possibly, undiluted muck. Accordingly, he has written a biography of Richard Jefferies for two reasons. Firstly, in order to try to revive some interest in a writer who wrote in simple, straightforward fashion about the countryside as it was in his day; and secondly, to blow off a little of his own suppressed steam.

The combined result is a very pleasant book indeed, which flows merrily on from the first page to the last, although in its journey it wanders up side streams and lingers by quiet pools innumerable. But this does not matter, for both Richard Jefferies and Mr. Arkell are of one mind about the country—permanently sane—although to them, every weed is a flower. They love the countryside sincerely, and are thankful that such a lovely thing can be; but neither, I fancy, would have relished being compelled to wrest a living from it.

It must be admitted that Mr. Arkell digresses from his title in most scandalous fashion. He is so interested in his own reactions to the changes which have taken place in rural England since Jefferies' day, that again and again he forgets the subject of his book entirely, once for as much as the whole chapter twenty. But his enthusiasm, both for Jefferies' work and for England's countryside, makes it easy to forgive him. More enthusiasm and less gloom are badly needed in rural life to-day, and especially in the literature dealing with it.

Very wisely, Mr. Arkell has not attempted any systematic criticism of Jefferies' work, nor written a dry-as-dust biography. In effect, his method is to say to the reader, "Forget your gloomy, sordid books about the countryside for a while, and come and rejoice with me in a writer who knew the country, loved the country, and told the truth about it." His first chapter, in which he describes how he himself discovered Jefferies' work, is altogether charming, and should lead to this almost forgotten author's books finding their way into many library lists of both young and old.

Personally I could have wished for rather more concerning "Bevis," "Amaryllis at the Fair," "The Amateur Poacher," and similar books, and rather less about "The Story of my Heart," which last, like the commercial traveller of Mr. Arkell's acquaintance, I find a trifle beyond me. But this is my only criticism.

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Country lovers will find in Mr. Arkell's book much refreshment, and the reading of it should make both townsman and countryman hasten to make or extend their acquaintance with Richard Jefferies, and also, I think, to hope for further pleasant musings from Mr. Arkell in the near future.

A. G. STREET.

The Conway

THE CONWAY. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

It is the small heroisms which are difficult, for they lack that inward afflatus and that outward compulsion which render the big heroisms a pleasure, acrid though that pleasure may be. In writing it is the apparently simple themes which, unless we ignobly content ourselves with the slipshod, the dull and the humdrum, are the most difficult. To recount the ordinary activities of an ordinary day in a very ordinary life; to describe the routine of an institution; to picture a familiar, unremarkable object; to set forth the history of a regiment or a ship—all these seem easy enough, yet how difficult they are. To avoid pomposity and pretentiousness and disproportion on the one side, on the other triviality, excessive baldness, and boredom, is not only meritorious, but rare in books on matter-of-fact subjects, for to simplicity without childishness and without desiccation, to directness without brusquerie, and to objectivity without spiritual loss, the author must add wholly concealed artistry in the choice of his illustrative incidents, a large and supple vocabulary, versatility in composition, and variety in style; also he must be able to preserve at once the simple dignity of the trees and the panoramic sweep of the forest.

Such were Mr. Masefield's difficulties. To describe the life aboard the *Conway*, that excellent merchant-service training ship, was not difficult, but to chronicle its history from 1859 to the end of 1932, to say something interesting about every single year, to do equal justice to the boys and to the staff, to relate the outside world to this tight little community, must have taxed even the author's distinguished competence in unvarnished narrative. The stark simplicity of the method is softened by Mr. Masefield's love for the training he knows so well. "Quit ye like men."

ERIC PARTRIDGE.